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THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

WADE MITH, Editor

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The Missionary Survey's Campaign for 50,000 Subscribers

The Goal: A Subscriber in Every Presbyterian Home. Is There One in Yours?

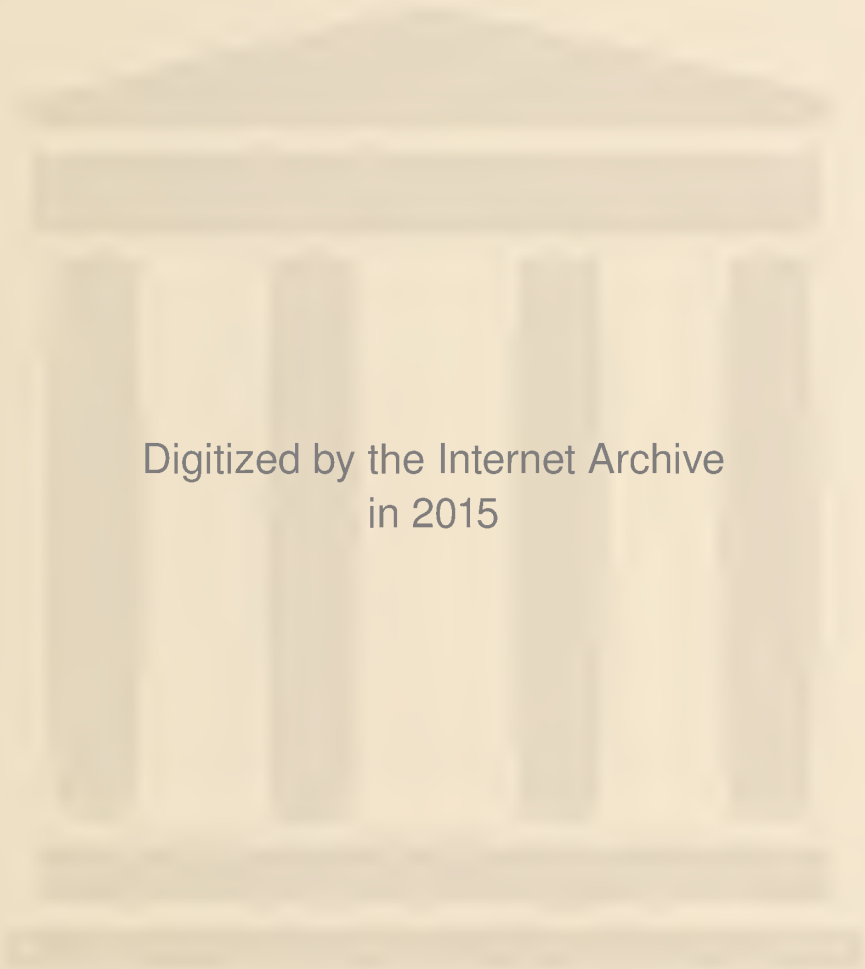
TWENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND

In spite of the raise in price from 75 cents to One Dollar a Year for individual subscriptions, and from 50 cents to 75 cents a year in clubs of five or more, or where there are as many as five subscriptions already in a congregation—Jack continues to climb! Yes, it begins to look as if a lot of new folks are appreciating The Missionary Survey and are finding valuable the information the magazine brings each month. Isn't that fine? We are now within 500 subscriptions of the highest mark reached. Can it be that we are going right on past it and reach a record breaking level? We trust so.

New subscriptions and renewals are coming in right along at the advanced price. Where is the evil prophet who said subscribers to The Missionary Survey would not stand a 25 cent raise? Of course, the past month is what the subscription bookkeeper calls a "light month"—that is, comparatively few subscriptions expire with the Fall months; but November and December will mark many expirations, and it remains to be seen how promptly they will be renewed at the new figure. Jack has perfect confidence that his friends are not going back on him in this critical time—nor any time, as for that—and is expecting to show an actual gain instead of a loss. Who knows but maybe now after this long waiting, we have started out to really reach our Goal—50,000 subscriptions!

THE HONOR ROLL.

Churches going on the Honor Roll this month because of having secured an average of one subscription to every five communicants, or better, are as follows: Nelson, Ky. (this is the third church of a group, making a complete group on the Honor Roll), Black Mountain, N. C. and Pearsall Memorial, East Wilmington, N. C.



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Rev. S. L. Morris, D. D., Editor, Miss Eleanora A. Berry, Literary Editor
Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

OUR NOVEMBER TOPICS:

HOME MISSION WEEK—MOUNTAIN MISSIONS.

ANNUAL OBSERVANCE

HOME MISSION WEEK

(*Authorized by the Assembly*)

November 16-23.

During these days the attention of the Protestant Churches of America will be directed in a special manner to the religious needs and problems of our own country.

Our soldiers battled to make the world safe for democracy.

The Church must strive to make democracy safe for the world.

In our Church and Home Mission Week Observance will center upon our responsibility for the Negro.

Do you know that the Southern Presbyterian Church has no school for the religious and industrial training of Negro girls? We have Stillman Institute for boys, and the question is constantly being asked, Why are we doing nothing for girls?

The Committee has long felt this need, but has been unable to meet it. The time has come when the need must be met. A Negro Girls' School is the next step in the development of our Colored Work.

HOME MISSION WEEK.

THANK OFFERINGS AND SELF-DENIAL GIFTS

will be devoted to building and equipping

A PRESBYTERIAN SCHOOL FOR NEGRO GIRLS,

where worthy girls of the colored race will not only be taught the Christian religion, but where they will receive a practical industrial training.

$25,000 URGENTLY NEEDED!!

If we fulfill our obligation to these people and build worthily of our great Church.

All churches, societies and Sunday schools are earnestly requested to have a part in this noble undertaking.

Programs, leaflets and envelopes sent upon request.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF HOME MISSIONS,

1522 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga

JES' CAUSE I'SE CULLUD BLACK.

ANNIE DENT DAVIS.

I'm feelin' awful blue today,
I'm mad, now dat's a fac';
For folks don't love a girl lak me
Jes' 'cause I'se cullud black.

I have to wear old ragged clo'es,
An' live in a dirty shack,
An' neveh have no decent food,
Jes' 'cause I'se cullud black.

We can't affohd a doctah,
'Cept one's what's jes' a "quack,"
But folks don't care if we is sick,
Jes' 'cause we's cullud black.

My pap got drunk and went away—
I hope he won't come back—
An' mam goes off and works all day,
Jes' 'cause we's cullud black.

I tell you I am feelin' blue,
An' mad, now dat's a fac';
I don't see why things all go wrong
Jes' 'cause I'se cullud black.

A PRESBYTERIAN SCHOOL FOR NEGRO GIRLS.

THERE is a growing conviction that our General Assembly should have a school for Negro girls. We have Stillman Institute for boys at Tuscaloosa, Ala. During the years of its existence this school has done a splendid work in training a colored ministry and in developing Christian character. Some of our best colored missionaries in Africa, as well as the greater number of our colored ministers in the home field, have come from this school. Through the years the influence of Stillman Institute has deepened and widened, and now we have the vision of a greater Stillman!

But as a Church we have done nothing for the Christian and industrial training of Negro girls. The women of our Church have long recognized this need and are now urging it as the next step in the development of our colored work. The conference held each year at Tuscaloosa, Ala., for Negro women, by Mrs. W. C. Winsborough, Superintendent of the Woman's Auxiliary, where representative colored women of our Church and of other denominations are brought together for a week of Bible study, practical training and Christian helpfulness, has done more than any one thing to emphasize the value and reveal the lack of such a school in our Church's work.

It is the judgment of many thoughtful people who have made a study of this question that this is the greatest

need of the Negro. An educated Negro ministry is not enough. It is the women that are influencing and molding the coming generations. No people can be greater than the homes from which they come. If the Church is to reach the colored race and is to teach them lessons of honesty and purity and right living, we must begin with those who make the homes in which they live.

For several years the observance of Home Mission Week has centered upon some definite phase of missionary service and has been the occasion of supplying some specific missionary need. The Oklahoma Presbyterian College, the splendid buildings for our Mexican missions at El Paso and San Antonio, the enlargement and equipment of some of our mountain missions, have been provided by the thank offering and self-denial gifts of churches, societies, Sunday schools and interested individuals. Without this practical expression of their interest, some of our best missions would be without the splendid equipment they now have.

This year the Home Mission Week offering will be devoted to building and equipping a Presbyterian Negro Girls' School. It is to be located at some point where in the judgment of the committee the conditions are best suited for its success. Several communities are interested and are asking that their location be considered.

To undertake a work like this at a time like this the committee feels that $25,000 is needed. Surely our great Church which leads in all good work would not be satisfied with less for a need so great.

HOW INFLUENZA CAME TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Miss Cecile Bowman.

SOME of us were foolish enough to think that the long gaunt figure of Death stalking over our country with his sickle would never find our people hidden away in these pockets in the hills. But there is no corner of the earth too obscure for him to find out.

One day in October, just before school dismissed, Mr. Tadlock, the principal, called all of the pupils into the chapel. I had just finished telling my class that tomorrow I would tell them how Herod tried to kill the baby Jesus; that story of the slaughter was not told then, and there were some who did not hear it when we reassembled, for a more real Herod came among us. The children listened with scared eyes and open mouths while our principal announced that a case of influenza had appeared in town, gave the bulletined precautions, and dismissed us. The atmosphere was tense. The usually noisy little hob-nailed boots went quietly over the floor. As I stood at the top of the stairs and smiled my goodbye, and their answering smile overcame their fear, I prayed as I looked into one dear face after another, "O Lord, let them all return," "Don't take that one," "Let him come back to us"—and so I begged for them all. Then the outdoor sunshine caught up their flagging spirits, and they went whooping down the hill—the last of children's voices for nearly three long months.

One by one those who were boarding at the school went home, until there were but six teachers and three pupils left. Our doctor was stricken and we could imagine the anxious ones waiting in vain for him to bring relief.

Then came the news, one day, that our

"Spencer Winthrop's" Home.

doctor was able to be about, that there were between five and six hundred cases in his territory, and that an emergency appeal to the Red Cross had sent us a doctor and a nurse. I could stand it no longer. I sent a prayer to God to use me, and an appeal to Mr. Tadlock to let me go. There was never a better message than his simple answer: "Go to it!"

That afternoon I felt like a prisoner released as I rode up Rockhouse Fork into Caudill's Branch with the doctor. At every little rude unpainted shack along the four miles of our way somebody would peep out and call, "Doctor, stop here," until it would have taken forty-eight hours in every day for him to answer all the calls.

The president of the Rockhouse Coal Company and I went from house to house of the new little company houses, and in everyone of the thirty there were from two to nine sick ones. At one house a two-year-old roguish darling greeted me at the door, the only member of seven able to be about. "Law, I couldn't let that woman over yonder with her two babies lay and die," said his mother. "He follered me over there, and he's done took it and got up agin; but the rest of us is all about to die." A clinical thermometer assured them that they were not "about to die," just then, but the pains were hard to bear nevertheless, as the man who lay groaning demonstrated by saying he "wished the Kaiser had to have it for thirty years."

After a strenuous week, which included everything from bathing the baby to scrubbing the floor, I betook myself in another direction, whence an appeal had come from beyond a lonely mountain top. Two of us mounted on a strong work horse followed a way which can scarcely be dignified by the name of road, except that it bore wagon tracks and ruts, visible now and then in spite of boulders and the rushing water of Elk Creek. After awhile we turned off toward the mountain-side, where only horses' tracks could be seen, and followed a trail up a regular Rip Van Winkle sort of mountain with a deep ravine far below.

In a pouring rain, our way seemed endless—down the other side of the mountain in clay mud knee deep, past a solitary school-house set among the hemlocks and rhododendrons, and on a mile and a half farther. We were despairingly wet and cold when a turn around a mammoth rock revealed a group of mountain farm buildings, log barns, smoke-house, coal-house, fodder-house and a squatty three-roomed house, yet with all its privations, a home.

All thought of our own dampness, cold and hunger vanished when we opened the door and saw by the light of the dingy window and the dying fire eight sick people in one room. But their gratitude radiated in measure which warmed our hearts. We started the fire burning briskly, opened the door for fresh air, and made them all as comfortable as possible. They were not naturally dirty nor given to crowding into one room, for there were empty beds in another room; but desperation and fear with the entire family stricken had drawn them together. I shall never forget the uncomprehending start I received from a nine-year-old boy who, with all his day clothes on, crouched behind his father in the darkest corner of the bed, as I asked him to come to me. "He doesn't know anything; he's been raving all night," said

his mother, and then, "Gordon, lift him over," to a nephew who had come in to bring water, coal and wood. Gordon and I undressed him and made him comfortable on one of the small beds which had been occupied by a larger boy. Then I saw the bloodshot eyes, parched lips and tongue, and feared the doctor's prophecy would come true. I plead with God for this brightest one of their flock, but the Lord in His wisdom saw fit to take him. In his delirium the boy was riding—riding on a horse that would go a road he didn't want to follow; and so his spirit rode on into the world beyond.

When I returned a few days later a still form on the table told me that the eight-months'-old baby had followed his brother, and that time I helped to line the tiny coffin into which the little wax-like flower was laid. But our chief duty and problem was with the living. The father had said despondently, "They will take me out next." We knew that the thing to do was to get them all into the clean beds in the other room, but this was impossible until the old country doctor had given his consent. The fatalism of the mountain people is one of the saddest things to see, even among the doctors: If it is your time to die, you'll die. And I longed for some young, up-to-date, Christian doctor to show what modern skill and self-sacrifice might have done to save those children who seemed to me abandoned to their fate.

But there is a ray of hope! Thank God there is a ray of hope, and it is growing brighter all the time. O, if only our American people, generous to Persia and Armenia and France, could realize that here clinging to us, their lives knit into ours, are suffering ones almost as much in need as Persians, I am sure the ray of hope would soon be fanned to a brilliant flame. This is the hope; the education and Christianizing of the young people.

In this family's darkest hour there had come from Center College another nephew, who had entered the S. A. T. C. As I watched his Christian enthusiasm and the untiring strength of his

His four cousins who recovered.

trained young body, I thanked God that he had been as he said, "snatched up out of that life," and sent to our Stuart Robinson School, where he was graduated last May. He had no despondency as he carried the sick family from one room to another. He had been without sleep for three nights, but he could joke as he scrubbed the floor of the vacated room, and his whistle accompanied the ringing blow of his axe down in the ravine, where he went after midnight to find logs for the fireplace. I thought of the sick man and of how different his life might have been if he had had his nephew's chance. I thought of the nephew's college years which would make him a minister to come back among his people. I said to myself, "They will listen to his preaching, for he is one of them; then never again will it happen as it did over on Kingdom Come Creek that an entire family except one small boy died because there were none with the love of Christ in their hearts to try to save them in their suffering, or to bury them when they died." "But 'Spencer Winthrop' cannot preach to the whole of the mountains." "O, no," I replied to myself, "but there are others who will respond to education and Christianity just as Spencer has done. And our church people will help them; I know they will help them, when they know. People have opened their coffers for war work funds and they will open them for

this too, that God may not reproach us for neglecting these, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh."

Louisa, Va.

(Some of our readers may remember the story of "A Valiant Soldier," published two years ago, telling of "Spencer Winthrop" and his persecution by his father's family, when he became a Christian and took up Sunday-school work. They will welcome this additional news, which shows him still "carrying on," leading his class at Center College, and aiding those who cast him off two years ago.)

"THORNS HAVE ROSES."

It isn't so much the way things are
As the way you look at a thing;
There's always the notes of a merry song
For the voice that is ready to sing.
And "roses have thorns" is a stupid cry,
For though it may all be so,
I think we would better be telling
That Thorns have Roses, you know.

We cannot expect to live our lives
From all that is bitter apart,
But each one knows when he's felt a thorn
From the pain it has left in his heart.
He doesn't need us to tell him it's there
Or murmur a mixim of woe;
We'd better be singing a paean of hope,
For Thorns have Roses, we know.

—*Parks Magazine.*

THE END AND AIM OF MOUNTAIN MISSIONS.

ROSE MARTIN WELLS.

A LEADING member of a prominent mission board, in a speech at the Knoxville Conference a few years ago, took the ground that the mountain schools were failing in one signal respect, namely, that the youth educated in these schools were not remaining in the hills. The popular and orthodox view of the end and aim of mountain mission work is that the mountain people educated in the mission and industrial schools must choose their life work in the hills. Whether this view is tenable, whether it is right and just, or whether based upon false premises, is open to discussion.

When I came into the mountains ten years ago this principle was thrust upon me, and without personal conviction on my own part, I tried in all ways to strengthen the prevailing idea that young people of the mountains are being educated to remain and work in the mountains. Pursuant to this duty, I once talked to a young mountaineer who was in his junior year at college. He was not in any particular sense a mission school product, but I remember saying to him, "Of course you are coming back to your own county after you finish college." He looked at me rather startled and said, "I have never considered it." Then, after a moment's thought, he spoke further: "It would not be possible—there would be nothing for me here."

He finished his college course and immediately after his graduation was asked to accept the nomination for an office in his native county. At about this time the dean of the college where he had been graduated visited us. He was much distressed about this young man, who had been a great favorite at the school. He did not feel that his loved pupil could administer this office *in his home county* without sacrificing every ideal which had

Red Cross Knitting in the Mountains.

been set before him in college. The dean went to see him and talked over the matter. As a result, the young man did not accept the nomination. He did, however, take up work in his own county, where he tried faithfully to work out the ideals he had set for himself. After a year or two he left for a distant section, leaving his native county with the conviction that he could not do his best work there. Not long since I read of his taking his Master's degree at one of the country's most celebrated universities and of his appointment to important Y. M. C. A. work in France.

Which of the two would have been better, to educate this young man as he has been educated, to do the work he is now doing, or to have permitted him to attend an industrial elementary school only, holding him to farming in his own community or teaching a rural school? Which would have been better for the young man individually and personally, for his friends and family in his own settlement, for his country and for humanity? To which did he owe the larger service, the people of his native valley or to all men?

I know of a number of successful ministers who are natives of the Cumberland Mountains. They are working in various fields. I know of only one who is working in the hills. This he is doing most successfully. I have often heard him praised as one who is doing his Lord's will more fully than others who have chosen to work elsewhere. That he is doing God's will acceptably none of us can doubt, but is he doing it more consistently than others—than Jonathan Bay, of New York, for instance, who was a Kentucky mountain boy?

Upon the satisfactory solution of this problem will depend in a large measure the question whether mountain missions are worth while or not. To help us look at the matter fairly and intelligently, let us consider a few things

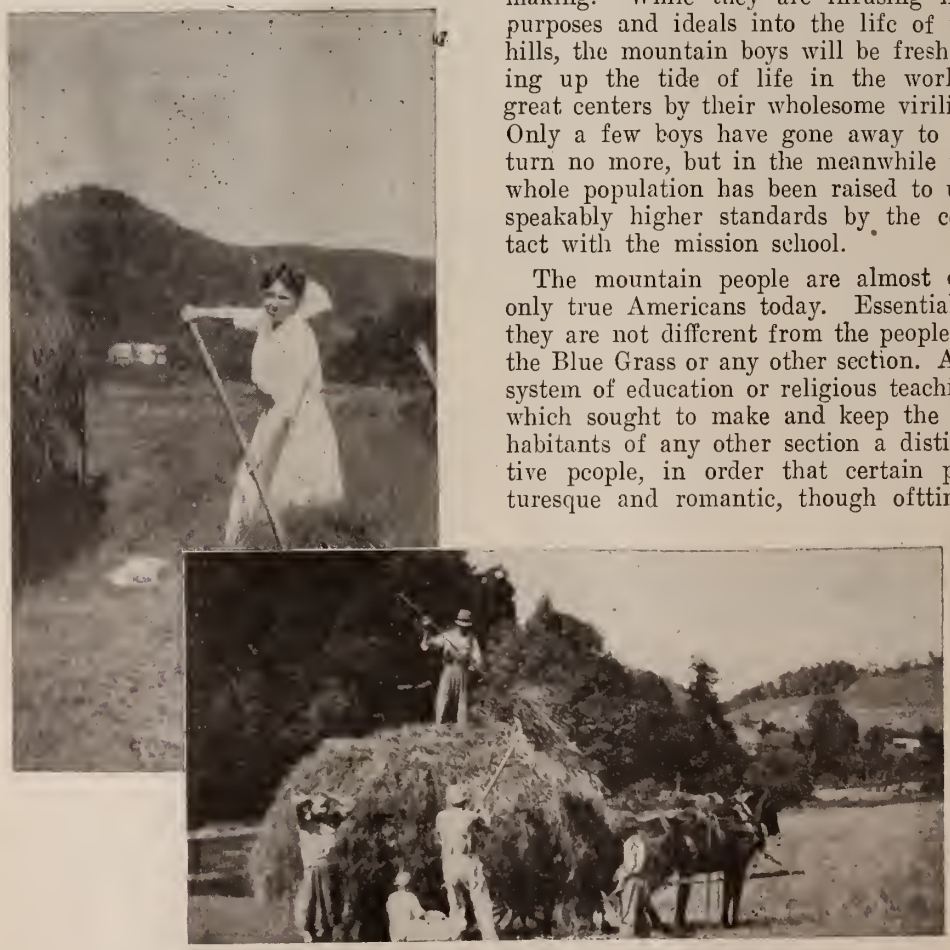
For many years the mountains have been a world apart to themselves. The natural background of beautiful scenery and the mountain people themselves, with their quaint primitive lives, their picturesque vernacular, their loves, their hates and their feuds have furnished material to a number of novelists whereby they have gained both wealth and fame. But the new forces which are shaping the destiny of the hills are working such mighty changes that the new stories, if they be written, must be vastly different, tales of development and industry, of progress and attainment.

Chief among the agencies that today are working dynamic changes in the hills is the mission school. The next most important factor is the development of the rich mineral resources of the mountains. These are constant sources of change, and in the mountains as elsewhere the war has been a medium of

improvement so salutary that almost it might be termed a means of grace. For the first time in their history the mountain people have been made absolutely one with the nation as a whole, and have not been differentiated in any respect from the people of Maine or California. They have had to bear their share of every burden, to conserve food and buy bonds; their sons have been an integral part of the great army of the Allies, and many of them sleep in France. The boys who came back can never again be wholly provincial, nor live mean, small lives, such as they might have lived had not this great adventure come to them.

They will be able to co-operate more fully with the great numbers of people coming in from other sections, teachers for the mission schools and capitalists and skilled workmen to develop the coal and oil. Many of those who come will stay permanently in the hills. It will take but one generation for them to lose their separate identity. On the other hand, some mountain youth are leaving to pursue callings in other sections. It will come to pass after a while that the mountain people will be no more as such. The hills will be inhabited by a new race, partly sprung from the old one, partly from those who have come into the mountains for the various purposes of mission work, philanthropy or money-making. While they are infusing new purposes and ideals into the life of the hills, the mountain boys will be freshening up the tide of life in the world's great centers by their wholesome virility. Only a few boys have gone away to return no more, but in the meanwhile the whole population has been raised to unspeakably higher standards by the contact with the mission school.

The mountain people are almost our only true Americans today. Essentially, they are not different from the people of the Blue Grass or any other section. Any system of education or religious teaching which sought to make and keep the inhabitants of any other section a distinctive people, in order that certain picturesque and romantic, though ofttimes



Not all mountain farms are poor. This newly converted farmer raised wheat for the first time in his life, in response to his country's appeal.

not desirable, characteristics might be preserved intact would be regarded as the utmost folly. With the Negro, whose racial characteristics are such as forever forbid assimilation with the white race, this principal is well-founded. But even with the Indian, who in physical characteristics and mental qualities, is widely different from the white man, it has been found that education and enlightenment are fast resulting in loss of race identity.

The application of this principle to the mountain people is as absurd as it is unjust. If they are in anywise different, this difference has been brought about by superficial environment and not by inherent unlikeness to the people of other sections. It is the province of our mission schools to save and elevate the people in the communities where they are located. If they do their duty, the distinctive identity of the mountain people will slowly but surely be lost. And this is as it should be. Suppose some of the brightest students do go away. Their places are taken by others more fitted to help their people than are they, for though oft disputed, the saying of Jesus is just as true in the mountains as elsewhere, that a prophet is not without honor except in his own country. Those who went away are perhaps doing a work which the familiarity of their neighbors would make impossible in their own neighborhood. No person can do a great work who is provincial. This is true of a New Yorker, a Floridian, and equally true of the mountain man. If he is to to serve his own people, he must go away long enough to become one with the great world, long enough to lose all his provincialisms. It is true that if he be a minister, so many people will not flock to hear him as to hear the untutored mountain preacher! nevertheless it would still remain true that what he might be able to do for the few would be infinitely greater than what the other man could do for the many.

Aunt Nannie Gross and her spinning wheel.

Every life of self-abnegation and of service, whether spent in the hills or the plains, must of necessity bring its own great reward, nor is the one to be preferred to the other.

Yet we who labor in the mountains may feel that we are in the midst of an empire in its making, and among people destined to permeate all our national life with their virility and true Americanism, and who will bring to religion a consciousness of reality which the world in its mad rush after wealth and power had well-nigh lost.

Aquadale, N. C.

"God hath not promised
Skies ever blue,
Flower strewn pathways
Always for you.
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.
But He hath promised
Strength from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love."

A YEAR IN MOUNTAIN WORK.

REV. H. J. SCOTT.

ABOUT a year ago I wrote an article for the Soul Winner, entitled "First Impressions of a Californian," in which I gave my first impressions of our work among the mountain people.

In answer to that article I received a letter from a man who had been in the mountain work for a number of years, and he seemed to think that I gave a wrong impression of the mountain people, and that I was dissatisfied with my field of labor for the Lord, but that after I had been in the work for some time I would learn to love these people and the work. Since that time I have taken up my pen upon several occasions to write of the progress of our work here in Letcher County, only to lay my pen aside and say, "What's the use? In order to impress our people with the truth of the progress of this work, I must tell somewhat of the difficulties, and if I do this they will misunderstand me, and think that I am a pessimist or a beggar, seeking sympathy from a benevolent people.

Rev. and Mrs. H. J. Scott.

The returned soldier does not say much about his exploits on the soil of France, and when pressed for the reason replies that no one would understand unless he were over there and saw things for himself; and no one will really understand the mountain work unless he is here and sees for himself. Upon reflection, however, after being here for a year and never having had an opportunity to leave once during that time, I feel that I owe it to the Church to send to them, as it were, an annual report of the returns from the support of one Home Missionary here on the firing line. In order to do this I must go back and describe conditions as we found them upon entering the field a year ago. In Letcher County there are only two Presbyterian workers in addition to the faculty of the Stuart Robinson School at Blackey: Rev. Mr. McClure, who is in a remote section of the county, and myself. Upon arrival we found two churches, ten miles apart, with a combined membership of seventeen, neither having had a service for over a year; and these people went on record as not desiring to have the work opened up, and on every hand people said that it was only a matter of a few months before the church would be closed down again. A prominent business man, upon being introduced to me, said, "Well, you have a church building, but that is all, and a poor one at that." This we found to be only too true, for the roof leaked like a sieve, and everything about the building was out of repair; but, knowing that everything works together for good to them that love the Lord, we were not discouraged, but taking the matter before the Throne of Grace to Him that doeth all things well, we then rolled up our sleeves and went to work. Our Sunday school grew from a half dozen to an attendance of fifty at the highest,

and our church attendance was as good as any of the other evangelical churches, at the end of the first year showing the following results:

Total membership Aug. 23, 1918....	17
Admitted by letter.....	9
Admitted upon confession of faith..	1
Total	27
Three Sunday schools organized with an average attendance of.....	60
Services held and sermons preached..	112
Special series of evangelistic meetings held by the pastor.....	2
Professed conversions (adult).....	6
Adult baptisms.....	2
Infant baptisms.....	7

Hazard church was supplied by the pastor one Sunday each month for five months. Bibles, Testaments and tracts were given away to the value of $25 through the courtesy of the Scripture Gift Mission of Philadelphia, Pa. The Ladies' Aid of this church has made and distributed seventeen garments to the poor, and for nine weeks this church was closed during the influenza epidemic.

The more the work grew the more the persecution grew, and the greatest persecution that comes to our work is from professed followers of the Lord Jesus, but the kind of Christianity these people have is best understood by the following. They bitterly oppose Sunday schools, one of their preachers saying that he would rather see his child in a gambling hell than in a Sunday school. Another said that all the Sunday schools were for was to take the children's pennies away from them, and another in preaching against missions said that the fact that the heathen killed and ate the missionaries showed that God was not behind their work. They also teach that any man who receives any salary for preaching is worse than an infidel, for the gospel is free, and so you can understand why it is so hard to get people to give after they are converted and have united with an evangelical church. Some time ago a series of meetings were being held in the country. Oil was needed for the lamps and two lamp chimneys; 35 cents was needed in all to meet this expense. The need was made known and a collection taken up among our fifty people. When the hat returned the total collection amounted to 20 cents.

Church at Whitesburg, Ky.

These things might seem an exaggeration, going to the extreme, but the following will show what a hold these preachers with their teaching have upon the masses. A Sunday school was started and prospered for about two months, with an average attendance of over forty. The native preachers came into the school-house where the Sunday school was held and conducted a revival, and the Sunday school died right there. No one would take up the work afterwards, and one prominent man is known to have said that they could not stand up under the persecution of their neighbors and friends. These preachers say the reason that the work failed is that it was not born of God, and yet the hope of the mountains lies in the children. It may take a long time, but we are picking one up here and one there who are standing fast, and some day the flood gates of heaven are going to be poured out upon the mountains and souls swept like a mighty tidal wave into the kingdom of God.

And now, dear reader, I don't want you to think that I am discontented with my lot or that I need your sympathy, for there are many phases of this work that more than compensate for the hardships. As our Lord said to his dis-

ciples at the Well of Sychar, when they had been seeking food, "I have meat that ye know not of," likewise I have joy and satisfaction in this section of the Lord's vineyard that ye know not of, and I wouldn't want to change places with the President of the United States. Just one illustration: I announced in the closing exercises of the Sunday school that I would give a little prayer to any child who had never prayed in his life before, who would promise to learn this prayer and kneel in prayer every night. A little girl ten years old came and asked for a prayer. That night for the first time in that home a child knelt in prayer. Today that child's father carries a Testament in his pocket wherever he goes, and when he was talking recently about starting a Sunday school in his district one of the leading business men in town thought that he had reference to a moonshine still, and could scarcely believe that he really meant a Sunday school. Won't you pray for this father, that God will lead him all the way?

The churches' greatest work here is for them to be recruiting stations for the mountain schools, and the pastor a recruiting officer. The school and the church are inseparable, each essential to the other, for the hope of civilization is education founded upon Christianity, and if the Church does not grasp the opportunity in the mountains today it will soon be too late. The mountains are in a statement of development, being rich in coal and timber, and many outsiders are flocking to the mountains, and the mountain youth is being contaminated by the vices that these people from the outside are bringing with them.

The mountains' greatest need today is Christian workers, and they need to be fully equipped for their work and not to be sent into the field with their hands tied. Never forget that most of the roads in this country are along the creek beds and over rough mountains, and when the worker has to walk five or ten miles over these roads to get to his appointments, it not only takes up lots of his time, but it also uses up his strength and he cannot put his best efforts forward when he stands before his people if he is physically tired.

Won't you pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth laborers into this most needy field?

Whitesburg, Ky.

HOME MISSION STUDY CLASSES.

WHILE the official period for Home Mission study classes is past, there are always many societies which for one reason or another find another time more suitable, and classes are held at various times during the winter.

For the benefit of such societies we are giving below some of the comments on the study book of the year, "Christianizing Christendom," that in choosing their book they may have the benefit of these opinions. We feel sure that no greater blessing could come to our Church than that there should be an earnest class in every church in the General Assembly, studying conditions and how to remedy them, through the medium of this inspiring book.

"CHRISTIANIZING CHRISTENDOM" IN THE HANDS OF ITS CRITICS.

"It is a Home Mission study. It is a charming book of 206 pages, brim full of facts and written in gripping and eloquent words. If you once start to read it, you will not wish to lay the book down until you have completed it. * * *

"The book is a challenge to Christians of every faith. We would like to see this book in every Christian home in the Southland. * * * reminds one of the popular writings of Dr. Josiah Strong.

"Dr. Morris carries his readers with

him into many rich pastures, and there feeds them upon kindred subjects in addition to the great leading subject he is discussing. The aim of the author is evidently to serve the Church and thereby serve his fellowman."—*Associate Reformed Presbyterians.*

"In discussing 'Christianity and the New Era,' he reviews a century of organized Home Mission work, points out parallel achievements, calls attention to pioneer efforts, indicates the needs of the present day, lays large emphasis on the need of Anglo-Saxon leadership, suggests the program of reconstruction, and pleads for the quickening of the spiritual life of the Church in its work at home. This is a book that will be largely used in Home Mission study classes and will be read with profit by all those who are earnestly desirous of seeing the kingdom of God become the power of the homeland."—*The Christian Observer.*

"I am in the midst of 'Christianizing Christendom' and am thoroughly charmed with its daring clearness and courage in depicting a most startling and engaging condition. * * * Its service to the Church at this present time is of inestimable value."—*Rev. Samuel M. Glasgow.*

HOME MISSION WEEK.

November 16-23.

THE SOUL OF DEMOCRACY: CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

Interest in Home Mission Week has grown from year to year until it has become one of the outstanding seasons for hundreds of our Missionary Societies and in our Sunday schools.

The theme this year, THE SOUL of DEMOCRACY: CHRISTIAN SERVICE, PERSONAL AND SOCIAL, is a vital one, and in our Church the study is being centered around the colored race and the proposed Industrial School for Negro Girls. Surely no form of Christian service is more real than Christian education for a needy people.

A denominational program has been prepared on the colored work, for use in societies; also a lesson for use in the Sunday schools. These will be furnished free in any quantity desired, as will envelopes for receiving the self-denial offering.

The Council of Women for Home Missions has issued a very practical program for use by societies on the general subject of Christian Democracy, and another for use on the Inter-Denominational Day of Prayer. These two programs are 2 cents each, $1.50 per hundred, and may be secured from the Atlanta office. Both are good, the former being adapted for use by individual societies.

Probably most societies will not wish to have a meeting every day of the week, following the topics for prayer meetings given on the denominational program, but many will be glad to have two meetings, at one using our denominational program and at the other the programs issued by the Council of Women for Home Missions.

THE DAY OF OPPORTUNITY.

(From a private letter, written from Mississippi.)

"I WANT your help in a big Home Mission enterprise in this county. The open door here is like a chapter in Foreign Mission work. It is wonderful. What do you think of ten organized churches, three groups of people ready to organize, four buildings in process of construction, four mission points crying for the gospel, some others whose needs cry, and yet one man trying to do this work and teaching to supplement his salary and make it a living one? Some men and money invested here will be as big a profit-sharing proposition as our Church can offer."

SOME QUESTIONS—PERTINENT OR IMPERTINENT.

What was the worst punishment he could wish for the Kaiser?

Two agencies are changing the mountain life. Which is the greater force?

Its service to the Church at the present time is of inestimable value. What is it?

Perseverance wins success. Who proved it?

It might be called "Two Kept Promises." Who made the first one, and to whom?

This "ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone" might be said of our Church concerning what?

SENIOR HOME MISSION PROGRAM, NOVEMBER, 1919.

THE SOUL OF DEMOCRACY—CHRISTIAN SERVICE, PERSONAL AND SOCIAL IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Adapted from program prepared by Mrs. Virgil B. Sease and published by the Council of Women for Home Missions, for use during Home Mission Week.

1. Hymn—O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.
2. Scripture Reading, Illustrating the Soul of Democracy—Luke 10:30-37.
2. Prayer—That American Christians may be Christlike.
   That the Church may seize opportunities for service.
4. Modern Interpreters of Christian Democracy in the Mountains.
   a. Persecuted but Persevering.
   b. A Valiant Soldier.
5. Two Little Mountain Girls.
6. Reading—Flues in the Mountains.
7. Hymn—Send Thou, O Lord, to Every Place.
8. Prayer—That our mountaineers may more and more become interpreters of Christian democracy to the world.

NOTES:

4-b and 6. Send 5 cents to Literature Department, 1522 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., for leaflets. Other material to be found in the current issue. Hymns are from The Missionary Hymnal, 15 cents each, postage extra. The program by Mrs. Sease, from which this one is adapted, sells for 2 cents each, $1.50 per hundred. It is a practical program showing conditions in America and our need to translate Christian democracy into the every day life of America. It is one of the programs prepared for Home Mission Week.

JUST SUPPOSE.

JUST suppose that you were a little girl who was ever so anxious to go to school and get an education, but your parents were so poor that they couldn't afford to send you to the mission school, and the public school near you was very poor. Then along came a good fairy in the person of a mountain worker, who went out into the churches and told people about where you lived and the poor public school, and some good people decided that *your church* should have a scholarship, and the worker there decided that *you* should have the scholarship and go to the big mission school. Wouldn't you think that you were about the luckiest girl that ever lived, and wouldn't you study just ever so hard to prove to the kind people who were giving your scholarship that you deserved it?

That is just what Nancy Barrett did. Nancy is a little mountain girl about thirteen years old. For several years she has gone to Highland School, by means of the scholarship provided for her, and she has studied so hard and was so eager to learn that she was ready for the eighth grade this fall.

But there is another chapter to Nancy's story, one that is not yet ended. For some reason or other the kind people did not renew the scholarship this year, and every available one had been promised. Nancy would have to go to the public school near her home. She was heartbroken. It would not have been so bad if the school had been a good one, but it wasn't, not even so far as it went, and it went only through the fourth grade, while Nancy was ready for the eighth. Nancy started in, because she just had to go to school, but she made up her mind that it wouldn't be her fault if she didn't get to go to Highland; and being a young lady of a good deal of energy, she proceeded to use some of it by writing letter after letter to her pastor, begging him to find some way to help her. She kept on writing letters, and he would answer, telling her he didn't know what could be done. Of course, our mountain missionaries hardly get a living salary, and they simply couldn't

Nancy's Church.

take care of her, for the scholarship would cost eighty dollars.

In despair her pastor told her story to someone, and the writer happened to be that someone. And because she felt so sure that somebody had that money for Nancy's scholarship, she told him that it would be provided some way, so he wrote to Nancy and she went to Highland, and, he writes, is now "as happy as a lark in the school."

Now just suppose you belonged to a Junior Society, don't you think your society could send in $1 for Nancy's scholarship? You see, if eighty societies sent in that much, we wouldn't have any trouble at all. And we don't even need the eighty, for everyone we tell wants to give a dollar. But just suppose we don't get the money. Will Nancy have to go back home at the end of the first term because we haven't gotten enough money to pay her board? Just suppose!

(Send your dollar to A. N. Sharp, 1522 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., and say that it is for Nancy Barrett.)

A KEPT PROMISE.

"They may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

REV. E. V. TADLOCK.

EARLY in September of last year the principal of Stuart Robinson School rode across to the mouth of Big Branch school-house, on Line Fork, to attend a divisional educational conference. There he was impressed by a little girl who recited a selection. She was bonny, self-possessed, tastefully dressed, and altogether striking—just such a girl, he thought, as would appreciate opportunity. The principal took her name and

Mazie.

Some months later a class of splendid girls in a Southern church sent a scholarship, promising to send $10 a month toward the support of a student. The principal immediately wrote to Mazie's father, offering to take her into the boarding department.

always tries to do, asked God to give her a chance.

her father's address, and did what he

Several weeks later the father knocked at the principal's door, and this is the remarkable story he told:

About five years ago he was one of the laborers employed upon the excavation for the Stuart Robinson School building. One evening after dark he passed the waiting-room of the newly built railway station. It was crowded and someone was preaching. The light, shining through the window, revealed the passer to the speaker, who paused and said, "Come in, we are having preaching and I want you to hear." The man replied that he had on muddy overalls. The speaker rejoined, "That does not make a bit of difference; God thinks just as much of a man in overalls as in store clothes." The man then tried the "sick" ruse, but that magnetic, persistent speaker prevailed.

The story is best told in the man's own language:

"He would be to have me come in. After preaching the people crowded around askin' him to take a night. But he got away and come over to where I was a-standin' in the corner. He pats me on the back and says, 'I want to stay all night with you.'

"I says, 'I hain't got no fittin' place for you to stay; I'm jist sort of batchin' hit here.'

"He says, 'You air the man that's a-workin' at the school, hain't you?'

"I says, 'Yes.'

"He says, 'Then I'm a-goin' to stay all night with you.'

"I says, says I, 'All right, I hain't got nothin' but a cot, but I'll sleep on the floor.'

"He says, 'You won't do no sich thing; I'll sleep on the floor!' So I borrows a lantern and takes him up to the room, and says to him, 'You git in bed an' I'll take a night on the floor.' But he wouldn't hear to it. Then I looks around and sees a cot folded up agin the wall and finds some women's clothes in the next room. I made him lay down on the cot, and spread the clothes over him. He went to sleep in less than no time and slept all night.

"The next morning I went out and got him somethin' to eat. After he had done eat it, he tried to give me a dollar, but I wouldn't take it. Then he says, 'Maybe I'll have a chanct to do you a favor some day. Hit may be a little un or hit may be a big un, but whatever it is, if I have a chanct, I'll do hit.'

"Dr. Guerrant is dead now, but when I got your letter I thought about his promise. Hit jist looks like the Lord's a-keepin' that promise through you. I believe he does things that away. I ain't no Christian, but I depend on Him right along."

"The Maker of the Promise."

It is probable that Dr. Guerrant went with this man for the sake of rest and quiet that would have been denied in a crowded mountain home. The Lord made it the occasion for the performance of a Christian miracle years afterwards.

Jesus promised his disciples that they should do greater works than he did. Schools like Stuart Robinson, in their origin, maintenance and achievements, are all twentieth century miracles.

Indian Bottom, Ky.

JUNIOR HOME MISSION PROGRAM, NOVEMBER, 1919.

Prepared by Eleanora Andrews Berry.

SOME CHILDREN OF THE HILLS.

1. Hymn—The Sweet Story of Old—191.
2. Prayer—That the thousands of little children in the hills of our land may learn the sweet story, and may come to Jesus, bringing their lives to lay at his feet.
3. God's Will Concerning the Children—Matt. 18:1-6; Mark 10:13-16.
4. A Kept Promise
5. A Valiant Soldier.
6. The Boy Who Rode Away.
7. Nancy Barrett.
8. Thank God for Little Children—169.
9. Prayer—That our people may realize the importance of the Mountain Mission Work and that the needed workers may be provided.

The hymns are from Life and Service Hymns.

NOTES:

4, 6, 7. Articles in this number. The story of the boy who rode away is in the article; how influenza came to the mountains, and should be simply and appealingly told.

5. Send to Literature Department, 1522 Hurt Building, for the story, price 2 cents.

LITTLE CORNERS.

GEORGIA WALLIS, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Somebody had been careless and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might; rubbed and sang softly a little song.

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine."

"What do you rub at them knives forever for?" Mary said. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," Georgia said, brightly. "'You in your little corner,' you know, 'and I in mine.' I'll do the best I can, that's all I can do."

"I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice."

"Jesus will," said Georgia, and then she sang again—

"'You in your little corner,
And I in mine.'"

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I s'pose I must. If he knows about knives, it is likely he does about steak," and she broiled it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was very nicely done today," Miss Emma said.

"That's all along of Georgia," said Mary, with a pleased red face, and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles; she was tired and warm. "Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or not," she said; "I'll hurry them over"; but after she heard about the knives she did her best.

"How beautifully my dress is done," Helen said, and Emma laughingly answered, "That is owing to Georgia"; then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend who urged, "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to prayer meeting; my corner is there."

"Your corner! what do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said, "if you will not go with me, perhaps I will go with you," and they went to the prayer meeting.

"You helped us ever so much with the singing this evening" That was what their pastor said to them as they were going home. "I was afraid you wouldn't be there."

"It was owing to our Georgia," said Helen. "She seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were only knives." Then she told him the story.

"I believe I will go in here again," said the minister, stopping before a poor little house. "I said yesterday there was no use, but I must do what I can." In the house a sick man was lying; again and again the minister had called, but he wouldn't listen to him; but tonight he said, "I have come to tell you a little story." Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives, and her little corner, and her doing what she could, and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes, and said. "I'll find my corner, too; I'll try to shine for him." And the sick man was Georgia's father. Jesus, looking down at her that day, said, "She hath done what she could." and he gave the blessing.

"I believe I won't go to walk," said Helen, hesitating. "I'll finish that dress of mother's. I suppose I can if I think so."

"Why, child, are you here sewing?" her mother said, "I thought you had gone to walk."

"No, ma'am; this dress seemed to be in my corner, so I thought I would finish it."

"In your corner?" her mother repeated in surprise, and then Helen told about the knives. The door-bell rang, and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her pastor. "I suppose I could give more," she said to herself, as she slowly took out the ten dollars she had laid aside for missions. "If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am? I'll make it twenty-five."

And Georgia's guardian angel said to another angel, "Georgia Willis gave twenty-five dollars to our dear people in India today."

"Twenty-five dollars?" said the other angel; "why, I thought she was poor."

"O, well, she thinks she is, but her Fath-

er in heaven isn't, you know. She did what she could, and He did the rest."

But Georgia knew nothing about all this, and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine."

—*The Pansy, in The Missionary Speaker.*

AUNT MARY'S THANK OFFERING.

I had teased and teased Aunt Mary
To help me just a bit
In gath'ring my thank offering.
I knew she could do it,
For she has lots o' money,
And puts it in the bank,
But she don't like the heathen,
And calls me "little crank!"

But I knew it was for her good
To give for missions, so
I kept on persevering,
But she always said, "No, no!"
At last I told her stories—
The stories were all true—
Of little orphans starving,
The very worst I knew.

That made Aunt Mary shudder:
And so she said to me:
"Here, child, do take this quarter!
I'm thankful as can be
To give you this if you'll keep still.
I'm thankful I don't know
About those wretched people
That interest you so."
Then I said, "O, Aunt Mary!
You've said you're 'thankful' twice;
So this is your thank-off'ring.
How very, very nice!"

—L. A. S.

GIFTS AND GIVING.

Q. What did Jesus say about giving?

A. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Q. What kind of a giver does God love?

A. "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Q. How have we received and how should we give?

A. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Q. How much should we give?

A. "Thou shalt give unto the Lord thy God according as the Lord thy God hath blessed thee."

Q. What is the least we should give?

A. "Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

Q. How are our gifts accepted?

A "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

Q. Can we afford to be boastful in our giving?

A. "Do not your alms before men to be seen of them."

Q. What, then, is a good rule?

A. "He that giveth let him do it with simplicity."

Q. How often should we give?

A. "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him."

Q. What measure is promised to liberal givers?

A. "Give, and it shall be given to you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again."—*Missionary Gems for Juniors.*

JUNIOR FOREIGN MISSION PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1919.

Arranged by Miss Margaret McNeilly.

TOPIC—BRAZIL.

Song—We Praise Thee, O God.
Prayer.
Minutes.
Roll Call—Answer with the name and location of a missionary in Brazil.
Business.
Collection Song.
Offering.
Devotional—Gifts and Giving.

OUR THANKSGIVING PRAYER.

Our Father, the Father of all the children in all the world, we thank Thee for our beautiful land, with its harvests of food and plenty. We thank Thee for peace and prosperity, and pray that Thou wilt help the people to send food for the hungry and clothing for the naked and comfort to the unhappy and miserable children all over the world. Make wars to cease and bring peace and plenty right quickly to all our world. Amen.—*The Young Christian Worker.*

Recitation—Aunt Mary's Thank-Offering.
Early History of Our Work in Brazil.
Map Study.
Importance of the "Neglected Continent."
Story—Little Corners.
Song—Selected.
Prayer.
Close with the Mizpah benediction.

SUGGESTIONS.

For the devotional service, let the leader or the president of the band ask the questions and the members of the band respond. Questions and answers should be numbered. If it is not desired to clip THE SURVEY, the answers should be copied and distributed before the meeting.

Dr. Williams' booklet, "In Brazil" (price 10c), will furnish information about the history of the work in Brazil.

Have one of the members of the band draw a map of Brazil, and indicate our work by pinning small white flags on the map.

Importance of the "Neglected Continent" in location, area, products, soil, etc., can be obtained from geography or the encyclopedia. This part of the program can be made as elaborate or as brief as the leader desires.

Pray earnestly for the work in Brazil.

"Will Pastors Help in the Search"?

There is a desperate call from our Mission Stations abroad for several doctors, preachers, and teachers to fill vacancies.

We earnestly beg our pastors to sound out this call from their pulpits in the hope that some competent and consecrated young doctor or teacher in the audience may hear and respond.

To the capable young minister himself we suggest the question, "Lord, is it I?"

EGBERT W. SMITH.

Rev. S. H. Chester, D. D., Editor, Box 158, Nashville, Tenn.

MONTHLY TOPIC: BRAZIL.

EVER since the days of the Mexican War, resulting in the annexation of a considerable amount of territory formerly belonging to Mexico to the United States, the whole of Latin America has entertained feelings of hostility, based on what it feared were designs of aggression against the territorial integrity of one or another of the Latin American countries, by the United States. The diplomacy of the present and the immediately preceding national administrations, conducted on a high plane of Christian altruism, has changed all this and created for us a new era of missionary opportunity in all that part of the world. A letter recently received from one of our missionaries living alone in the far interior of Brazil, where she had in former years suffered much from anti-foreign prejudice, stated that the most popular man in that part of Brazil today is the President of the United States. It has been especially gratifying to note the confidence and appreciation manifested by the Brazilian Government in a number of recent actions of our missionaries and their work. The State government of Minas maintains a number of scholarships in our industrial school at Lavras, and has recently paid the expenses of Mr. Hunnicut, the director of the school, on a visit to this country for the purpose of selecting and importing improved breeds of stock, and helping to introduce into Brazil improved methods of agriculture. He was also requested during the recent war to assist in the government campaign for the increased production and conservation of food supplies.

Also, on account of what the government had observed of the working of the Lavras school, the State of Rio Grande do Norte has requested us to establish a similar school in that State, and has offered for that purpose the free use for fifty years of several thousand acres of land, with buildings suitable for class-rooms and dormitory, with barns, improved farm machinery and a considerable number of thorough-bred cattle, with the option of either purchase or renewal of the contract at the end of the fifty-year lease.

All these things lend increasing emphasis to the importance of pushing our work in that field right now, for we have no certain guarantee that things will not be done by political leaders of a different type from those now in control, to destroy the opportunity which the present friendly attitude of the people creates for us.

Unfortunately, this is just what we have not been doing. Northern Brazil has suffered what seems to us an irreparable loss in the death of our oldest missionary, Dr. G. Butler. Three men with families have been sent to that mission this summer, only one of whom, however, is a new missionary. The other two were transferred from East Brazil. One new missionary family is being sent to East Brazil, leaving that mission still short by one family of the force it had two years ago. One man was sent to the West Brazil Mission last spring, but had only been on the field a few weeks when he was compelled to return on account of failing health. Our veteran theological teacher, Dr. J. Rockwell Smith, died during the year, and having no one to send from home to take his place, we were compelled to send his son, Rev. James P. Smith, from the West Brazil Mission for that purpose.

The salient facts of the Brazilian situation then are these: First, a great present opportunity; second, a great lack of means for taking advantage of it.

We need more men and women right now for work in this field, and we need the offer of the means to send them out and support them. Brazil needs our Protestant gospel, and is ready to give it a friendly hearing. Her people need the living Saviour whom we preach. They have little chance to know of him from the preaching of their own ignorant and corrupt religious teachers. God forbid that the responsibility of their perishing for lack of this knowledge should lie at our door.

OUR NORTH BRAZIL FIELD.

MISSIONARY work in Latin America is being unified and promoted in many ways through the agency of the Committee on Co-operation, which is the Continuation Committee of the Panama Congress.

Under the auspices of this committee plans are being made for the federation of all Protestant schools in Brazil and the organization of a Christian university representing all the Protestant denominations. Plans are also being made for the organization of three Union Theological Seminaries, one at Mexico City, one at Rio de Janeiro and another at Montevideo, in which provision will be made for post-graduate work and the training of a native ministry prepared to reach and minister to the educated classes of the country.

One of the most neglected mission fields in the world is that of Northern Brazil. Brazil itself comprises territorially about half of South America, and what is known as Northern Brazil comprises about two-thirds of this territory. In this field there are only twenty-nine foreign missionaries, representing our own Church, the Southern Baptists and the South American Evangelical Union. In addition to these the Young Men's Christian Association has one secretary in Pernambuco. Altogether, there are about thirty Brazilian pastors. Of this number eleven have been trained in our school at Garanhuns and are working in connection with our mission.

Two-thirds of Northern Brazil is covered with virgin forests, through which wander native tribes who have never heard the name of Christ. There are seven States which have no resident missionary.

HOME AGAIN.

A. A. ROCHESTER.

NO one who has not lived in this land can imagine how great a charm Africa has for those of us who have spent some years in doing the Master's work here. This spell holds the missionary on furlough with an iron grip, so that after a few months of rest he becomes dissatisfied in spite of home comforts and pleasures.

The missionary on furlough continues for a time at least to think in Buluba, and wishes for some English words as expressive as some of the familiar Buluba words. The English salutation, "How are you?" sounds tame, weak and mild beside the Buluba salutation, "Musyo wa bungi" life. plenty of life to you.

The missionary also thinks, and is quite sure of a warm welcome both by missionaries and natives, so that he feels at home before he knows where his home is going to be. All things being equal, there is a bond between Congo missionaries that is unique to the extreme

One of the most difficult tasks for some of us is the long journey to and from the field, especially in winter time, and above all in times of war. Yet even in foggy London one's stay is sometimes made pleasant by some unexpected event, such as meeting missionaries returning home. This happened to the writer when unexpectedly he met Rev. R. C. Cleveland and family. He and his family formed the vanguard of returning missionaries. Others were met at Matadi and Tysville, and at Kinchassa. I met Mr. Schlotter bringing up the rear. Fortunately the "Lapsley" was at Kinchassa, and the writer, with five Congo Inland missionaries, had a pleasant trip up river till Luebo was reached. Yes, Luebo is becoming more and more picturesque. Most of the old mud houses have been removed and beautiful brick houses have taken their places. I found comparatively just a handful of missionaries carrying on the work, and am afraid this handful will have to "carry on" yet.

The Luebo situation was but a reminder that the same condition exists in the other stations, so I hastened on to Mutoto, where I found one solitary family carrying on the work of three families at least.

Home at last! Yes, at Mutoto; and who can imagine how glad I am in spite of the many changes and sad memories. Yes, Mutoto, "the star," the morning star, that has been shining since 1912 on the borderland of the Lulua and Baluba, will continue to shine; while Bibanga, the latest star, will shine as brightly in the centre of the Baluba country, so that knees which once bowed to idols will bow to him who is the light of the world.

Mutoto.

WOMAN'S BIBLE CLASS, SUTSIEN.

MRS. ELIZABETH WILSON McLAUCHLIN.

ALLOW me to introduce you to a part of our Woman's Bible School of Sutsien.

We have just closed our year's work, which has been done under difficulties due to the cramped space in which we have had to work. Our little school-room is only 10x12 feet, and every available spot was filled with tables, and then it was quite crowded.

We have had on the roll this year thirty-five, all of whom were not women; some were girls who took advantage of the opportunity and came every day to study.

Some were women from the country, who came in to stay for several months.

This picture is the "overflow," a class in Romans which Mr. McLauchlin taught for several months in our own home, as there was no other place.

At a little program we had a few weeks ago in our South End Sunday school, some of the women took part and one of them gave the da i si (big meaning) in each of the twenty-eight chapters of the book of Acts, in a way that would have done credit to any of our schools at home. This was the wife of one of our future preachers. Surely she will be a great help to her husband and a blessing to the community in which she will live

One of the most encouraging features of the school has been the way in which those women have gone out into the villages around, teaching with an earnestness which has shown their deep concern and personal interest in taking the gospel to their own people.

This training of native workers to go out into the country districts to teach their own people is the solution of the problem of evangelizing the unreached women and children in this great field.

We had hoped to at least start the new buildings this spring so we could open in the fall, with room enough to accommodate all who wanted to come this year and couldn't because there was no room, but so far we have not been able to secure a place to build and have not enough money to complete the buildings. In fact, we only have a nest egg. We are asking for $1,500 to build this school.

Members of Woman's Bible School, Sutsien.

The call of thousands and thousands of women "without a chance" is continually ringing in our ears, and we long to answer this call in the quickest way possible. Surely it must be done through the Chinese themselves, for what are *we* among so many?

Would you not like to have a part in this glorious work, that those who are sitting in darkness may see the Great Light?

THE STUDENTS' STRIKE.

A SILENT PROTEST AGAINST THE AWARD OF SHANTUNG TO JAPAN.

BY WARREN H. STUART.

THE decision of the Peace Conference awarding Shantung to Japan caused a great deal of disappointment throughout China, and it has not died down yet. When the terms of the Paris treaty were published and the Chinese realized that in the diplomatic battle at Paris they had lost, the disappointment voiced itself in a cry that was heard all over the land, and China's national consciousness found

expression as never before. At the same time, however, there emerged the secret treaties of 1918, virtually giving Japan all the rights she desired in Shantung, and the more thoughtful Chinese realized that in the bartering away of China's ancestral territory the Japanese were not the only ones to blame, but that their own corrupt officials were equally guilty

In the student demonstrations that were organized in Peking to protest against the Shantung decision, much wrath was shown against the pro-Japanese officials, Chang Chung-hsiang, Chinese Minister to Tokio; Tsao Ju-lin Minister of Finance, and Lu Chung-yu, Director of Currency, through whose connivance the secret treaties had been arranged. The paraders visited Tsao's house in Peking, where Chang was staying as a visitor, and when the latter came out to remonstrate several Shantung students, in anger, fell upon him and beat him up. Tsao climbed over the back wall, and, in a motor car at full speed, with soldiers carrying fixed bayonets, escaped to the Foreign Legation quarter. Chang was rescued by the police and carried to a Japanese hospital, and has since recovered. Nine students, who had taken part in the demonstrations, were arrested. The news of their imprisonment spread like wildfire, and caused a storm of indignation among students all over the country. Angry telegrams began to pour in on President Hsu Shih-chang, and the chief of the Peking police. The government, however, took a firm stand. The president of the Government University and the Minister of Education were dismissed for sympathizing with the students. This only increased the indignation of the students, which was already nation-wide, and doubled their determination to oust the traitors. Demonstrations were organized in Peking and other cities. Thousands of students marched in ranks, carrying banners inscribed "Down with the Traitors," "Release the Patriots," "Hold Out Forever," "Return Our Tsing tau" and the like. Meanwhile the patriotic students were active in other lines. Countless telegrams were sent to the delegates in Paris, Lu Chen-hsiang, C. T. Wang and Wellington Koo, insisting that they refuse to sign the treaty in its present form—unless indeed "adequate guarantees" were given for the immediate return of Tsing tau.

An active boycott was organized against Japanese goods, of which vast quantities are sold in China. Thousands of articles "made in Japan," and already bought, were dramatically burned in public places. Merchants were pledged not to order any more merchandise from Japan, and their present stocks scrutinized. Students appeared everywhere on the streets, urging the people to buy no more Japanese goods, but to use native-made products. Exports of raw materials and of foodstuffs to Japan were reduced as far as possible.

Things went on this way increasingly all during May. Still the government remained obdurate. On the 26th the Peking students, and those of many other cities, began a passive resistance by striking, that is, ceasing attendance on class and all prescribed school work. Hangchow held out for a while, not wanting to give up study, but the pressure became too strong, and on May 29th our students in Hangchow College, and those of all government and private high schools in the city, went on the same silent protest, stopped work and did no more for the rest of the term. Seeing that things had come to this *impasse*, we dismissed the students on June 7th. During the time that they remained on the campus, although on strike, they were most orderly and respectful to the school authorities. They set up their own self-government, organized military drill, publicity work and peddling of Chinese goods, each trying in his own way to help his country in the time of crisis. All the teachers, American and Chinese, sympathized with their aims, and aided with advice and encouragement, although as an institution we had to stand neutral. And we could not but be gratified at the way in which our students exhibited the very qualities we had been trying to instill in them, of patriotism, independence and leadership. In the organization and conduct of the Hangchow Students' Union, composed of some 3,000 students from seventeen institutions, our men took a leading part, furnishing the president and two other of the four officers.

The outcome of all this student agitation throughout China was that the merchant and laboring classes began to follow suit. About the 8th of June the shops in Shanghai and other centres began to close in silent protest against a government that would jail patriotic students and exonerate traitors; shutters remained over the windows, placarded with patriotic mottoes of all kinds, the most common being, "We'll not open again until the traitors are removed." Another frequently seen was, "This is a civilized resistance—let no rioting occur." Indeed, the whole movement was characterized by a dignified self-restraint, an intensity mingled with composure, that would be difficult to duplicate in any country. Before long the merchants were joined by the hucksters, longshoremen and other classes of laboring people, protesting in orderly idleness; markets were empty, steamers unable to load, factories stopped, the wheels of life at a standstill. Under all this pressure the govern-

ment could not but capitulate; the students were freed (altogether about 1,100 had been jailed in Peking for demonstrating), the traitors were dismissed from office.

I happened to be in Shanghai the very day this news came. It was the 12th of June, about 2 in the afternoon. All of a sudden the lifeless streets took on a new attitude; shutters were taken down, protest-banners were removed and replaced by national flags, strings of firecrackers were set off, business resumed, and the populace were in smiles again.

In this the first skirmish the students and the people won, but just now their real objective seems little nearer than before. That objective is nothing less than the restoration of Tsingtau and all the railway and mining rights in Shantung to China. Although their own officials are largely to blame, the vast majority of Chinese believe that the Peace Conference made an unjust award, and that Japan's taking of Shantung is an act of high-handed aggression, which cannot be justified. China refused to sign the peace treaty, and intends to appeal to the League of Nations. She has no military or naval strength comparable to that of Japan, but feels that the opinion of mankind will support the justice of her cause. If not remedied quickly, the Orient will be left with an Alsace-Lorraine, whose consequences are fearful to contemplate. Most Americans in the East sympathize with China's cause, a fact which has led the Japanese newspapers into violent invectives against America, and many false accusations about her citizens in the East. It does seem that here is a case worthy of the most earnest attention from the League of Nations.

A LETTER FROM REV. L. T. NEWLAND.

HOME once more, and it is a good, warm feeling to know that we are back and in the midst of friends, nor are our feelings untouched with gladness over the fact that another ocean voyage has been passed in safety. The good ship Empress of Japan bore us safely here, but not until we had had a taste of real winter. On August 1st we had a little snow, and not until we got to Japan did we get really warm, but there all was made up for, and for the last week we have been slowly frying away. On the ship were other missionaries from all parts of the United States and going to all parts of the East, and all were hopeful of a brighter day for missions.

We found Japan much changed in the last year, and chief among these changes were more strict examinations of our baggage. There is also a swing back from what has been a considerable anti-foreign feeling. I understand that a few weeks ago the foreigner was not always treated very courteously, but that period has passed, and we were given every kind of assistance and generous treatment, but the H. C. L. is painfully apparent in Japan in the small stock in the stores and a general unkept appearance of the cities. The spick and span Japan of two years ago cost too much to keep up for the present day. We began to get our first hand information about the Korean troubles when we got to Japan, and with assurance gathered from the statements of thinking Japanese I am certain there are far better times ahead for our people.

The old bald hills of Korea never looked so good as they did last Monday morning, when they first began to differentiate themselves from the hazy horizon. It was good to hear the old jargon again and to see the white-robed gentlemen with unruffled composure watch our party descend from the boat. Practically every Korean man is wearing a white hat as a sign of his mourning for the old Emperor. They were the same kind, gentle inquisitive people we had left, and after the rushing materialism of America and Japan it was really restful to get back to slow and backward Korea.

After a day spent on the way we came in sight of Mooden-san, our big mountain, and Kwang-ju. There were of course the Korean friends out to meet us, and the first few days were spent in greeting them. Both Mrs. Newland and I were told as a great compliment that we looked a great deal older, and I think they are really disappointed that our hair has not turned gray. Our American friends were of course glad to see us, for they have been sadly reduced in number. Last night our latest recruit arrived in the person of a new son at Dr. Wilson's home. Since only a girl's name had been decided on, he is yet just called It.

Things have greatly changed here. Work is plentiful and wages are very high. All commodities have advanced about an average of 200 per cent. So the day laborer is worse off than ever and the farmer is plentifully supplied with money. The aftermath of the recent trouble is on us, but I am too recently here to form an opinion. Many are getting out of jail, and it is evident that the methods of last March are not to be repeated. Our work has been greatly disorganized, but we are at

another open door of opportunity, and the gospel is more popular now than ever. I take over the work of two and a half men, with most of my leading men lost to me temporarily, so we need your prayers and sympathetic co-operation. When I get back into the work I want to write you more about conditions.

IN KOREA AGAIN.

MRS. M. L. SWINEHART.

THE "Empress of Japan," sailing from Vancouver, numbered among her passenger list eighteen missionaries of the Southern Presbyterian Church. Nine of this number are bound for Korea, Mr and Mrs. L. T. Newland and four children, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Swinehart, Miss Elizabeth Walker and Miss Hattie Knox going to Kwangju; Miss Lavalette Dupuy to Kunsan; Miss Anna Lou Greer to Soon Chun, and Miss Ada McMurphy to Mokpo. The first few days of the voyage from Vancouver to Yokohama were uneventful ones, for the Pacific was as smooth as a pond. The course was north and west until the Aleutian Islands were sighted, seven days out. One pale face from the cabins below staggered on deck that morning to see the blessed line along the horizon that the captain said was land; but as she could not distinguish any trees she choked down a sob and returned to her state-room, to emerge only when Yokohama was reached. Today, seventeen days from Chicago, we are in the land of our adoption, Korea. The thermometer registers 93 in the shade, but our enthusiasm registers still higher. We are so glad to be at work again.

The well-remembered sights and sounds and odors are all here. The rice fields are a deeper green, the hills are a deeper blue, and the little thatched roofs a darker gray than last year. Oh, it is good to be among our Korean friends again!

At the dock in Fusan a group of coolies were loading huge bean cakes into the hold of a ship, and singing a characteristic working song, and of course we all joined in the chorus. The newly arrived missionaries are already in love with the Koreans and are rapidly picking up the queer sounding words that are needed at first hand. We have been repeating these lines as we have journeyed across the seas, and they tell you exactly how we feel as we reach this side of the world:

"I'm going back to the trenches to get another shot,
I fight beside my Captain—if I fall it matters not.
So I'm going back to Korea, and over the seas I'll fare,
My home is in the homeland, but my heart is over there!"

(*This poem is not original; it was published once in the Woman's Work for Women.*)

Kwangju, Korea, August 18, 1919.

AN UNUSUAL CONVERSION.

REV. L. C. SMYTHE.

IN the beginning of June I was a witness to one of the most dramatic conversions, or rather re-conversions (if there be such a thing) that I have ever seen. It was the conversion of a young man who has recently come as teacher to our Golden Castle School here in Nagoya. The influence of the teachers on the girls is of course one of the most important factors in the school life, and it is therefore our most earnest desire to have as far as possible only Christian teachers connected with the school. This, unfortunately, is at present an unrealizable ideal, as the supply of Christian teachers is totally inadequate to the demand, but it is always with a feeling of anxiety that we employ a man or woman who is not a professing Christian. Last May, however, we employed a young man as mathematics teacher, who came as a professing inquirer but not as a baptized Christian. He was a very likeable young fellow though, and Mr. Ichimura, the principal, and some of the rest of us have been praying steadily for his conversion.

In May, also, some of the younger pastors in the city began the habit of having an all-night prayer meeting once a month out in the open air. Five or six of them went one night in early May to a high hill about three or four miles outside of the city and prayed from about midnight until dawn, when they came back into town. When they were going to have their June meeting they asked me to go along, which I was very glad indeed to do. The party

Congregation and Sunday School of Shimiza (pure water) Church This was taken in the new kindergarten building at Nagoya at the farewell meeting in honor of Dr. McAlpine. Notice the number of young men in the group.

was a small one, consisting of three young ministers, myself and the young teacher from the school whom I have mentioned above. Mr. Ichimura had planned to bring this young teacher with him, but at the last minute was prevented from coming, so sent him on by himself. We left the city about half past 11 and walked out to our destination, arriving there about half past 12. It was a high bluff, facing the east, and overlooking a large pond, or almost lake, used as a reservoir for the rice fields. Here we all knelt down on a rug and, lighting a candle, we sang some hymns and read some Bible verses. It was the night of the Day of Pentecost and our subject for prayer was the giving of the Spirit of God. After reading and singing, we put out the candle and in the darkness prayed to God for His Spirit.

After awhile the young teacher began to talk. He said he wanted to tell us about himself and to ask us to help him. It seems that some years ago he was desperately ill, so that many of his friends thought he was dead. But in the hospital where he was there was a Christian nurse who became interested in him, taught him some hymns and led him on till he came to have real faith and to be able to pray for himself. He said he looked back to this as the happiest time of his life. His illness was cured and he went back again to his every day life. But then he got tangled up in the study of the Zen sect of Buddhism and as a result lost his faith in God, his ability to pray and his happiness. "And now," he concluded, "I have gotten on the wrong track and I cannot find myself able to get back on the right one, and I want you to help me."

We all tried as best we could to talk with him and to help him with his difficulties, and there in the darkness he wrestled with his mind. Finally the pastor of the church which the young fellow has been attending began to talk to him. And then literally and figuratively dawn began to break. I acknowledge that I stopped listening to what the young pastor was saying because my eyes were fastened on the east where the first glimmering of light was appearing. My whole spirit seemed to rise within me as the light got brighter. And then just at that moment all the birds in the little trees around woke up and the whole air was filled with their morning call. Suddenly I heard the young teacher say sharply, "I understand, I understand." The young pastor didn't take in what had happened, but continued his explanation. After waiting a couple of minutes, the young teacher could bear it no longer, but falling on his face, he said, "I understand it, I understand it. I want to thank God and I want you to baptize me tomorrow." And then as the light increased he lifted up his spirit and poured out his thanks to God. Afterwards he said to the pastor, "I heard your words and I understood them, but when those birds sang, then God spoke to me." And his testimony now is that the song of the birds brought the message of God to him.

It was a happy party that came back to Nagoya in the first light of the morning sun. I do not know positively whether the young man has been baptized yet, but he

is taking every opportunity in school to bear testimony to his new found faith and is bearing witness to it daily before the girls. We trust and pray that it is the beginning of a long useful career in the school.

Nagoya, Japan.

"SCHOOL DAYS."

SARAH G. HANSELL.

I WISH you could have come to the Japanese Language School with me last autumn.

If I tell you about it will you try to imagine it all?

Think first that it's early fall—October perhaps—with weather still warm enough to wear a gingham dress, provided it isn't *too* startlingly red or pink. We come together out of the big gate of the Friends' Mission Compound, where I'm staying this year, and fare forth on our way. There are no sidewalks (watch out for the mud!), but only a narrow street winding its way down hill, lined on both sides with shops made from one Japanese room with the front left off. We cross a jumble of streets to the end of the number six car line. Do you mind my studying on the car? I always try to go over my Japanese sentences again. You see, every day we have new sentences given us in Japanese. The teacher says each sentence over and over and over. Then we try to say them in turn. After that we have to try to write them in Japanese characters. Each character has *one* sound only, so it isn't as bad as trying to spell English, but the trouble is that there are *several* Japanese characters and probably a Chinese one too, all for one and the same sound.

Nothing whatever is to be explained in English, and sometimes we have an awful struggle trying to find out what it is we are talking about. The teachers are very skilful about using signs or motions or pictures or other Japanese words, but sometimes *all* of these fail, and then we have a regular guessing game to discover the hidden meaning. Unless it is possible to get at least some idea of what is meant, the sentences are so hard to say.

Dormitory, Golden Castle School, Nagoya.

I will never forget the first morning I bought stamps all by myself. I said: "Jissen no kite wo go mai kudasai," "Please give me five ten-cent stamps," all the way down the hill, over and over and over again. When I did finally say it to the man at the post-office and he handed me out the *right kind* of *stamps* and the *right number*, I fairly beamed. He had *actually* understood *my* Japanese.

But we get off here at Misachicho. The first year language school class is on the fourth floor of the National Y. M. C. A. this year. The second year students are over in the Baptist tabernacle. Too bad we can't all be together!

Don't mind the stairs. Elevators are a rare luxury in Japan.

At present we are all in one small room and it is full to overflowing. They say the language school always begins with all the students together. Then as they learn a little more they are put in four or five separate classes.

Come on in. Here's a chair over here. I'd introduce you to all thirty of the people, but you would never remember all the names. They are of almost as many denominations as there are people.

Yes, the Japanese lady is our teacher We have Japanese men and women both to teach us. My! but they are patient with us.

I'm afraid you'd hardly enjoy staying through it all. We have three classes of forty-five minutes each, followed by chapel exercises mostly in Japanese. From 12 to 1 we eat our lunch.

It's fun to go down to the shops between half past 12 and 1. Of course, since most people live too far away, we can't go home; we take the shops as our diversion. At least, *I* do. I get out in the air that way, get some exercise, investigate what is buyable, and also practice my bit of Japanese on the poor shop-keepers.

From 1:10 to 3 we struggle for another two hours with the language. That makes me get home about 4.

Do you think you can stand an hour of it—I mean, hearing us try to recite? After all, it isn't nearly as bad as studying by one's self and having to fairly drag

the desired knowledge forth out of someone who has no idea what to teach.

These teachers are unusually good teachers, and with so many people making so many mistakes, funny things happen that bring a laugh and a relief from the strain. The poor teachers! I wonder how they manage to keep their faces straight through so many absurd mistakes that we don't even have knowledge enough to appreciate.

Well, you stood that first class nobly. That gives you an idea anyway of what the Japanese language is like when one has to learn it.

Come out on the roof now. Oh! it's only just outside the back door of this floor and has a cement floor, as well as a high wall around it. It's a grand place to stay between classes, and get the fog out of our brains and the soreness out of the back of our necks.

There's the bell. I won't keep you any longer this time, because I don't believe in too much Japanese at one dose. Consider the matter well and see if you don't want to come and be one of us.

Oh, I know the Japanese language isn't easy. I'm not laboring under any delusions in that respect, but what about it; aren't you game to tackle something hard? Somehow I think maybe you are. Are you?

THE EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG JAPANESE.

REV. L. C. SMYTHE.

I WANT to give in a few words an account of the religious experience of a young Japanese, as he gave it not long ago at a meeting of the young men in Shimizu church here in Nagoya. Such a meeting is held the first Saturday night of each month and is carried on entirely by the young men, whose chief delight is to make speeches. Not long ago the leader of the meeting, entirely of his own accord, chose as his subject his own religious experience in becoming a Christian. It was very interesting to me, and I have tried below to give his thought, using the first person, although of course it is impossible to reproduce his own words.

The young fellow in question graduated last spring at the government middle school here, one of the best in his class. This school corresponds about to our high schools, and he is now studying for the examinations for the next school of higher grade. He is about eighteen or nineteen years old, I expect. I well remember the first night he came into the chapel in the early summer of 1918. He is very tall for a Japanese and one of the thinnest, straightest boys I have seen. His nose is very unusual for a Japanese, a pronounced aquiline, and the skin is drawn over it so tight that the bridge looks as if it would surely burst through. One of the first things he told me when he was introducing himself was that he was the tennis champion of his school. I shall put below his own account of himself.

"I shall never forget the first night I came into this chapel in the summer of last August. The man who lives on the next corner is a relative of mine, and I was in his house when I heard the singing and I thought I would go and see what it was like. Mr. Yoshida, who was pastor then, was preaching, but I don't remember a thing he said. I do remember, though, that Mrs. Watanabe (the Bible woman) received me very kindly. I kept on coming through the summer because I liked the music and the kind treatment, though I don't remember anything that was said to me. Also I am ashamed to confess it, but I used to quarrel with my father and I used to like to come to the church for that reason.

"Then in September Mr. Smythe went away to Siberia, and that strengthened my faith. (I was very glad to hear him say this, because that had really been one reason to make me go. I felt that I had a chance to show the young men in the church that Christianity was not merely mouth service, but required the devotion of the whole life.) Mr. Yoshida went away and there was no pastor and no missionary, but I kept on coming. Then Mr. McAlpine would often come down here, and he always seemed to take a personal interest in me. 'Hullo, you fellow,' he would say, 'haven't you bought a Bible yet? Aren't you ready for baptism yet?' Then we began to make preparations for the Christmas service, and that impressed me very much. Mrs. Smythe taught us boys an English hymn and my faith was very much deepened.

"The first time I prayed was when my older sister was dying in Tokyo. My older brother was with her and they sent for me. By that time I had a Bible and a hymn book, and all night on the train I spent reading them. Then one night by my sister's side, when my brother was resting and I knew she was dying, I began to pray to God. And I felt certain that He heard my prayer and felt sure that when my sister died she would go to heaven. . .

"Then I thought about being baptized,

but I wanted Mr. Smythe to do it, so I decided to wait till he should come back. But now he has come back and we have a new pastor. I went to my father the other day to ask his permission, but to my tremendous disappointment he won't allow it. I didn't know what on earth to do, so I consulted Asano (one of the best young Christians in the church), and he told me not to worry, that after all baptism was only a sign, and that if I had the faith I was really a Christian, even though I had not received baptism. But what is worrying me is when I think of some of you other fellows who have started coming to this church since I have. (Here he named one or two especial ones.) I am afraid that you will look at me and you will wonder why I haven't been baptized, and when anybody speaks to you about it you will think that you will wait to be baptized until I have been. And that has worried me. So I made up my mind that I would tell you fellows tonight just what the real truth is. The real truth is that I am a Christian. My father won't let me be baptized, so I shall have to put it off awhile (his father is a particular obstinate type of retired army officer), but I am a Christian and I am going to do everything I can to help this church just as if I were a baptized member of it."

And I can bear witness that that is what he is doing. He never misses a meeting of any sort if he can possibly avoid it, and often brings his friends. The other night, when we had a special service, he was one of the best helpers, standing out in the street, giving away tracts and urging people to come in. That was very easy for me to do, because the crowd was just a lot of Japanese to me, and I to them was that magic thing, a foreigner, whose peculiar business it is to do such things. But for him it meant standing up in the face of all his friends and relatives and opposing them. Truly he is a city set on a hill and he is not trying to hide.

"WHAT DO YOU TEACH?" ONE IS ASKED.

MISS S. A. COLTON.

MY work happens to be in a school in Korea, so I am usually asked to talk about that. Being a principal is not mere school teaching. If I did not consider that branch of mission work as an essential part in the Korean field, I should endeavor to extricate myself from the school principal's seat, for we are, according to my experience, usually "facing a situation" full of problems, little and big. Nineteen-twenty is a momentous date, and there are many changes scheduled for the next five years. Have you read those banners at Montreat, "Right formation is better than reformation?" That is our slogan over there for the young people too, as we consider by what means we may best work for the building up of the character of native Christians and prepare leaders among them. On another banner we note, "Mentally, physically, spiritually, socially," opposite the description of how our Lord grew to manhood "in wisdom and stature and favor with God and man." In my work as principal I find it no light duty to interview and endeavor to make clear to parents the why of school rules. For instance, some must be convinced that just any day during the term is not to be considered as quite acceptable for entering either new pupils or those who have been with us before. Furthermore, it is necessary to impress upon them that his or her daughter have at least a change of clothes, and that even if she never did wash, iron and sew at home, it is time for her to learn; that he cannot take his daughter out of school just any time for all sorts of excuses, or that I cannot undertake to furnish shoes for all my children, though he thinks I have plenty of money; and that if he feeds her at home he might be able to help some in her support at school. Do you say, "What has that got to do with preaching the gospel?" It has much to do with getting the point of view of the people and incidentally pointing out to them what better things they may strive for.

Then one who runs a boarding school for fifty or sixty people must needs do some buying, though of course I do not go to market myself. My business is watching the middle man and calculating the cost of stuff to make sure the statements are correct, and measuring the quantities to see that they tally. Bookkeeping is therefore a part of my job, and I get plenty of small items to take care of. For instance, our fuel must be bought according to the custom of the country, that is, in driblets whether by man load or cow load. That happens every five days. Then to help out, I oversee a little farming on some fields which furnish some food for the household; in season the repairing of the large building requires much attention, for then, too, I must watch in order to take care of the funds by not allowing the coolies or carpenter to loaf half the time. Then

until the good day when help comes I must continue to make the girls make most of their support by needlework, all of which has to be done outside the school periods proper, and market the same.

When there are from forty-five to forty-nine boarders, various and sundry are the ailments, and it behooves me not only to mother my brood, but to do some doctoring. Needless to say, there is one special disease which attacks certain pupils—namely, laziness—and that is not cured in one treatment, but no eating produces good results eventually. It also requires constant watching to prevent colds in season and out of season, from carelessness and foolishness. Boarding school keeps seven days in the week for nine months. I live in the house with them. The native help which one must use as matron or janitor must also be taught what one can't expect those people to know. The very teachers are just young girls of nineteen or twenty, and it is often necessary for the foreigner to pour oil on the troubled waters when discord appears among them through jealousy or what not. It is not wholly lacking in faculties in America, is it?

The peaceful hours are the ones I spend in the school-room, for usually I am not called out, whereas at any other hour three or four demands may come at once. Of course we must teach the curriculum as prescribed by government regulations, and for the present we who hold permits prior to a certain date may continue to include the Bible in the regular school period. I know that many of our pupils learn in school to be real disciples and that they do witness for Christ in their life afterwards. None go so far but that some reports come to us.

It *is* worth while, and so much so that I could not be lured by anything you have to offer me even in the good homeland I am about to leave. These and some other tasks are all in our day, so we are very busy.

Montreat, N. C., Aug. 19th.

A KOREAN BIBLE CLASS.

MISS MARY L. DODSON.

PERHAPS some of you friends in America would like to enjoy with us a Bible class, held by the writer and Miss Graham, which was very interesting to us.

When we rode into this village one cold windy day and found no one from the church to greet us, we immediately knew that there was something wrong with the announcement, for they always come out to welcome us and tell us where we are

Vista from the Compound at Kwangju.

to stay while there. After some searching in the village we found a Christian home, and they soon found a place for us to stay, by putting the rest of the family in one room.

Here in our own room we talked over the situation and wondered if they really wanted us, since nobody came out to meet us, and they treated us so coolly, but we decided that we would only pray harder over the matter and see what would develop in the morning.

We called the Bible women in and found they felt about like we did, so we all had prayer together and resolved to put forth more effort than ever to have a good class.

The next morning one of the officers of the church came and told us that there had been some mistake about the announcement, but for us to go on anyway and teach with those we could get that morning, and he would get word to all the church members that day.

The first day was rather discouraging, with a cold church, a festival in town, and many other discouraging features; but the next morning things began to look more encouraging. One of the men came to us and told us we might use the school building, which could be heated; and with a warm floor for them to sit on, our courage increased.

We had a nice crowd that day, and it fell to my lot to have the primary grade, which included most of the old women. And such an interesting crowd as they were. One was over eighty and had come seven miles from a village over the mountain to attend this class. There were five or six others over sixty, and they had to be all taught just like little children.

For five days we had them in class in the morning and a part of the afternoon. They would go out with us in the afternoon to do house-to-house visiting, while the younger women were at home preparing the evening meal.

We had taken a small graphophone along with us, and we always used this for awhile in the afternoons to draw a crowd of women who did not attend class. We would talk to them awhile and then go out to do the visiting.

One afternoon I planned to take one of the Bible women and visit a sick woman whom Miss Graham had been to see the afternoon before; but I noticed them gathered around in little groups talking. Then they came to me and said, "Let's go over to this nearby village this afternoon and go to see the sick woman tomorrow." I replied, "You and Miss Graham may go to that village, while this Bible woman and I go to see the sick woman." "Oh, no, it is too cold and windy today to go over there," they said. Having learned through former experiences to let them have their way when they insist so much, we gave up and all went to the village where they wanted to go.

On the way over, as we crossed the rice fields, Miss Graham said, "I am hungry. I would just like to go to an American feast."

Miss Dodson on a country trip. "This is the way I ride sometimes," she writes.

Boys' School and Dormitory at Kwangju.

After visiting in this village for an hour or so we all collected at the house of one of the elders, and thought we would sit on the porch (not taking off our shoes), for we expected to stay only a little while. But here again they insisted and had their way, so off came our shoes and we were resigned to our fate, having suspicioned something by this time.

While sitting talking to the old grandmother we could hear hurrying back and forth in the kitchen, the man of the house giving orders. Soon two younger women came in, bearing tables of food, which they placed before us.

Most of the older women attending class had been invited over too, and some of the younger ones had stayed home most of the day to prepare some of the food.

The first course consisted of rice bread, which is about like India rubber, except that it is white. This is cut into little squares and dipped in powdered beans. With this they served fresh onions, chopped up in a kind of brine, and gave us chopsticks to eat them with. We were thankful for the chopsticks, because they kept us busy trying to learn how to use them, and thankful also for pockets in our heavy coats, where some of the food which they constantly passed to us could be stowed away for future use, such as giving it to children on the streets. It is impolite to refuse to take it when it is offered.

The second course consisted of hard-boiled eggs and salt. We always prefer for them to bring the eggs in with the shells on, but they think this is very impolite, so they brought them in already prepared to eat.

Fortunately for me, a little boy sat right at my elbow, willing to help us out; and I was thankful for him, for he helped me out wonderfully by disposing of the white of the eggs, which I peeled off and slipped back to him. Of course he did not tell any of this. All the time we were eating the man of the house would come to the door and announce in a loud tone, "Please do not be in too big a hurry, for we have sent for some sugar, and we know the American ladies can eat that." In a little while they brought in the sugar in small white dishes and passed it to us first. They rarely ever see any sugar and consider it a great delicacy, so they did not want us to eat too much before we got to this treat. There was no way to eat it except to take some out in our hands, and we did not care for a second helping, as the grandmothers who were eating with us all dipped their bread, off of which they had been eating, in the dish as it passed them.

Then we had Japanese cakes and tea without sugar, since the sugar had all been eaten before the tea appeared. Again I appreciated that little boy at my elbow, as he could dispose of some of that strong tea, which they insisted on us drinking in great quantities. Then they wanted us to take some of these things home with us, for fear we might get hungry again.

We had so much fun over this feast, both then and afterward, and the goodly fellowship of it is still with us.

On another afternoon we had games out in the yard, and the grandmothers were the ones who took part in all the races, no matter how difficult or fast they might be. We found them remarkably active,

both in body and in spirit, and our own spirits much refreshed from having had this contact with them for almost a week.

Friends, there are many of these old grandmothers in the mountains and valleys of Korea who have not yet heard the gospel. Will you not pray for them, that they may be brought into the glorious liberties of the gospel of Christ?

Kwangju, Korea.

HOW TO TREAT YOUR MISSIONARY.

EGBERT W. SMITH.

SO many of our missionaries are now supported in whole or in part by churches and societies that I think it well to publish the following statement, which recently came to my hands, of how one society treats its missionary representative on the field. It beautifully expresses that loving sympathy and helpfulness which so brighten the missionary's life and make the tie between the missionary family and the home supporters so close and dear. The statement is as follows:

For years we have had a Prayer Band meeting every Monday before other church meetings. At this time every one present joins in a circle prayer for Mr. ——— and family, his work, native helpers, etc. Often they have honored us by asking prayers for something specific which they are praying for.

Every month some one is appointed to write him a letter (I know he gets some funny ones), not for him to answer, of course, but it stimulates interest at this end of the line, and gives him the names of his members, if nothing more. When sending his reports, he simply mentions having received letters from so and so.

We send them three of the best magazines and have lately added one for their little daughter.

Often small boxes are sent with dolls, paper dolls, scraps of silk and ribbons, favors from luncheons—anything a child would like—with a little piece of fancy work for the house.

Then a friend, finding above all in missionaries' hearts is the desire for education for their children, is sending the Calvert Course, which Mrs. ——— praises highly. We recommend that course to any person, with *little money* and *big wish*, to cover the needs, in an educational way, with side reading, etc., up to the teen age.

We have recently sent a personal gift, in money, to Mr. ——— as an expression of sympathy for the tedious days in ——— Hospital, in lieu of the soup and eggs we would have sent in had he been nearer.

This certainly does seem little, compared to what he does for us, for we deem it a great privilege to have such a representative.

THE CENTER AND THE CIRCUMFERENCE.

THE SUBSTANCE OF AN ADDRESS AT QUEEN'S HALL BY SIR DONALD MACALISTER, K. C. B., M. A., M. D., D. C. L., *Vice-Chancellor and Principal of Glasgow University.*

WE are not here, I take it, to defend the cause of Foreign Missions. As Mr. Spurgeon once said of the Bible, "I would as soon think of defending a lion! What we have to do is to let it loose." It needs no defense from us. It is the hinderers of the cause that need to be on the defensive. Let them look to defense. The hinderers are not all in front of our trenches, however. Some are behind the lines, some are at the base, some perhaps (though I say it with bated breath) may be even on the staff. Among them are certain of the wise and prudent, no doubt: but we know that even from the wise and prudent vision is at times withheld by our Father; and His Son, who sent forth the first missionaries, was actually thankful for it. Youthful faith and enthusiasm thereby got their opportunity: the undimmed eye was granted to the young in heart. Christ's thanksgiving for the revelation of the kingdom to babes was in effect the prayer we have so often uttered in these last years "God bless the boys who are off to the front!" Lads, whatever their nominal age, "who never turned their back, but marched breast forward, never doubted clouds would break."

There are clouds over the mission field in these strange times. The clouds are very solid-looking to the wise and prudent. They question (in committees of grave and reverend seniors) whether the time is opportune for any attempt at advance?

To those who have the spirit of the lads who went to the front, the young men who see visions, and I trust that you and I, whatever be our years, are among them, such questionings are irrelevant. The or-

der from the Commander-in-Chief is, "Go ye into all the nations," and that means "Go now." Advance is the best defensive, for churches as for armies. "Consolidation" is often an ecclesiastical euphemism for retreat; and in this campaign retreat means ultimate defeat. If weapons and equipment are wanting, we must mobilize the munition factories, like Mr. Lloyd-George. We must ration ourselves here, that those out yonder may lack nothing. The life of the Church at home is at stake, as the life of the nation was last year, and its surest shield is the far-flung fighting line abroad.

The Church that ceases to grow peripherally has begun to wither at the heart When life no longer radiates out from the circumference, it stops pulsating at the centre. The religion that does not strive to gain the whole world is doomed to lose its own soul. Like a forest fire, it must go on or go out. Propagation is the law of its being, not merely of its well-being. Consolidation is good, home reunion and reconstruction here are good, but a still more excellent way is the way outward and onward to the regions beyond. The power at the source is not only measured, but reinforced by the vigor of the outflow from the brim. They act and react on one another. It is a law of spiritual dynamics.

I read lately of a general who was great in organization, wise in planning, skilful in training and equipping his forces, prudent in counsel, a man of notable military talents, but his campaign was a failure; he organized and consolidated, but he never could say, "Quick March!"

For our Church and Mission that order is the only order of the day, for safety no less than for success. Greatheart is a surer guide than Worldly-wiseman. Let us speak unto the young men that they go forward. The fire he kindles in them will warm the hearts of those that remain behind to back them. The revival of faith and zeal we yearn for among ourselves will flow in upon us from the high places of the field, centripetally. Let us lift our eyes to the distant hills; it is thence that our help will come. The good tidings we need will speed to us by the beautiful feet of the messengers whom we first send forth to the mountains.

Islam, and Buddhism, and Confucianism, like the strong man armed, are growing conscious that a stronger than they is coming upon them to take away the armour wherein they trusted. And the outcome of their foreboding is that they, too, are planning missionary enterprises. They also are becoming aware that aggression is defense: that whoso gathers not in, scattereth, and loseth what he hath. Dare we, as Christians, ignore this sign? Is it not a challenge that in honor, and in loyalty to our Lord, we are bound to take up? And lastly, let me remind you that whole regions in Africa, in India and in the Pacific, which were before the war under the oversight of German missionaries, supported by German resources, are now committed as a sacred trust to the English-speaking churches, either in common or severally. For good reasons of a political kind it was expedient to deport the Germans. Can we face the possible charge that in deporting them we withdrew Christianity and failed to restore it by efforts of our own? Again we dare not refuse the challenge. A fresh trumpet-call has been sounded in the ears of the churches. He that hath an ear, let him hear: and to the church that overcometh the weakness of faith that so easily besets great enterprises for Christ, he himself promises to give his authority over the nations. The Presbyterian Church of England is the inheritor of great traditions, both English and Scottish. Seventy years ago it made a great venture for Christ when it sent William Burns to Amoy. It has had great-souled men and women for the far Eastern field, and through them has given great pledges to the churches of China and India. In this testing time, in this tide in the affairs of the faith it holds—"Pray God, our greatness may not fail through craven fears of being great."—*The Presbyterian Messenger.*

A CALL TO PRAYER.

1. For the Presyterian Progressive Program.

2. For Korea, especially for missionaries and Christians there.

3. For Mexico, and the new plans for our work there.

4. For the Inter-Church World Movement.

5. For our own student volunteers.

6. For Rev. J. L. Stuart, our missionary who has recently assumed his duties as the new president of Peking University.

7. For all our missionaries on furlough, that they may find rest and renewed equipment, physical, mental and spiritual.

8. For all our missionaries, and those planning to be missionaries who are attending Bible schools.

9. For our Brazil missions.

FOREIGN MISSION STUDY BOOKS.

JNO. I. ARMSTRONG, *Educational Secretary.*

INQUIRIES from various parts of the Church show the need of information about the material that may be used in Foreign Mission Study Classes. The following list will doubtless help to meet this need:

Fifty Years in China, by Rev. S. I. Woodbridge; paper 40c, cloth 60c. This book contains some account of the history and conditions in China and of the missions of our church there from 1867 to the present day. The author is the English editor of "The Chinese Christian Intelligencer," published at Shanghai, and as he went to China thirty-seven years ago the things he writes about have occurred to a very large extent under his personal observation and in his own experience. The book is recommended by the Foreign Mission Committee as the text book for this year to be used in all mission study classes composed of the women of our church, and it may be used with equal profit in interdenominational classes, being just as suitable for this purpose as any of the general text books of the year.

Help for leaders of classes using *Fifty Years in China* has been prepared by Miss Carrie Lee Campbell, of Richmond, Va., and is sent free on request. Every teacher of the text book ought to have this pamphlet.

New Life Currents in China, by Mary Ninde Gamewell; paper 50c, cloth 75c. This book shows the influence that Christianity is exerting in China, not only in building up a stronger race physically, but in developing the intellectual and spiritual resources of the Chinese. Mrs. Gamewell writes with authority because of her close acquaintance with the Chinese people. This is the regular text book of the year published by the Missionary Education Movement.

A Crusade of Compassion for the Healing of the Nations, by Belle J. Allen, M. D., and Carolyn Atwater Mason; paper 42c, cloth 57c. This book is a study of world-wide medical missions for women and children and is the regular text book for the year published by the Central Committee on the united study of Foreign Missions.

Money the Acid Test, by David McConaughy; paper 50c, cloth 75c. This is a text book on stewardship. The eight chapter headings are most attractive and suggestive: Stewardship, acquiring, spending, saving, giving, proportioning, accounting, influencing others. Every church ought to have a group of men studying this book, and it could be used to good purpose also with boys sixteen years of age and over.

Special Announcement. A new book on Christianity and world missions in the reconstruction period is being written by Mr. Tyler Dennett. The exact title and the price have not yet been announced, but the book is promised in the late fall. Mr. Dennett has traveled widely in the Orient during the past few years, and has recently returned from Europe, where he made a special study of the effects of war on European churches, and of the significance of the Peace Treaty for the missionary enterprise. His book will be well suited for use in groups of adults who wish to study the international situation that has developed with the coming of peace. It will no doubt appeal specially to mission study classes composed of men.

Ministers of Mercy, by James H. Franklin; paper 50c, cloth 75c. This book is intended primarily for young people, but may be used profitably by others. The author tells with charm and force the life stories of eleven distinguished medical missionaries, showing in concrete form how Christianity is accomplishing its great work. The subjects of the sketches are Theodore Pennell, of the Afghan frontier; Christine I. Bennett, of Arabia; Fred Douglas Shepard, of Turkey; James Curtis Hepburn, of Japan; Joseph P. Cochran, of Persia; Catherine L. Mabie, of Africa; Peter Parker, of China; John Kenneth Mackenzie, of China; the Neves of Kashmir, and John Scudder of India.

Foreign Magic, by Jean Carter Cochran; cloth $1.50. The author has collected in this book some of her witty and intimate stories of the people of China which have appeared in The Outlook and in other magazines, and has added several stories hitherto unpublished. The scene of many of the stories is the region surrounding a great mission hospital; and the stories reveal in a striking manner what the Christian doctors and nurses have meant to the impoverished and disease-stricken population of China. The stories in this book are well worth while on their own account, and could be used with special profit to supplement "A Crusade of Compassion" and "Ministers of Mercy."

Mook. True tales of a Chinese boy and his friends, by Mrs. Evelyn Worthley Sites; paper 35c, cloth 57c. Here is a delightful story for juniors. Every boy and girl will find joy as well as profit in the book.

The Honorable Crimson Tree and Other

Tales of China, by Anita B. Ferris; paper 40c, cloth 60c. This book contains eight stories for boys and girls from nine to twelve years of age. It is a book of the new China, the young republic in which boys join corn clubs and plant trees, and girls wage wars on flies and play basketball.

China: Essential Facts for Busy People, by Egbert W. Smith; 5c a copy. A list of questions printed in the booklet will help those who wish to use it for mission study. Order from Nashville.

Dr. DuBose and the Anti-Opium Movement in China. This book gives the story of our Dr. Hampden C. DuBose's work as founder and first president of the Anti-Opium League of China, written by his son, Rev. Palmer C. DuBose, our missionary at Soochow. It contains a good picture of Dr. DuBose and would be excellent material for a mission study lesson. 5c a copy. Order from Nashville.

The China Lessons. Four lessons on our China missions which could be used with profit by any group of people who want a brief mission study course on our own work in China. Sent free on request. Order from Nashville.

The Korea Lessons. Three lessons on Korea and our missions there, by Rev. P. B. Hill. These lessons could be used with great profit by those desiring a brief mission study course on our Korea work. Sent free on request. Order from Nashville.

Maps of Asia, China and Korea. These paper maps are 28x42 inches and have our own stations clearly marked, and will be sent free on request. Order from Nashville.

Order. All the supplies mentioned above may be ordered through our Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va., or Texarkana, Ark.-Tex., except those marked "Order from Nashville," which should be ordered from Jno. I. Armstrong, P. O. Box No. 330, Nashville, Tenn.

GO!

Had Moses failed to go,
Had God answered his prayer,
There would have been
For him no leadership to win;
No pillared fire, no magic rod,
No wonders in the land of Zin:
No parting of the sea: no tears
Ecstatic shed on Sinai's steep:
No Nebo with a God to keep
His burial—only forty years
Of desert watching with his sheep!

—*Anon.*

Miss Mabel Currie, who sailed for China in September.

Mrs. S. H. Wilds, who sailed for Africa in September.

CO-OPERATION OF LAYMEN'S MOVEMENT IN THE PROGRESSIVE PROGRAM.

ONE of the practical results growing out of the Atlanta Convention of the Laymen's Missionary Movement was the decision to seek to arouse the laymen in every Presbytery to organize into associations similar to the one in Red River Presbytery, Louisiana, which reported to the committee very splendid things accomplished. The following is quoted from a report of the chairman of that organization:

"The result of the meeting of the laymen of Red River Presbytery was our organization, and the pledge from those present was almost a sufficient fund to finance the movement, and a further pledge from all those present obligating themselves as Christian men and laymen to go anywhere at any time when called upon by the chairman. Since that time, as chairman, I have sent laymen, two together usually, to many of the churches in Presbytery, never having had a man to refuse to go up to date.

"After a long delay we secured an evangelist and he has been in the field since January 1st. He has taken in through his meetings more than one hundred members; some five or six churches have come off the Home Mission Committee and are now self-supporting; four new ministers have been called to churches for all their time, and the condition in the Presbytery has improved more than 100 per cent.

"At a meeting of our Executive Committee a few days ago we decided to put another evangelist in the field. The ladies of the Presbytery, seeing what the men have done, raised $1,200 to put a Sunday-school worker in the field, and this amount has been added to by the Assembly Committee to justify the employment of a first-class man."

The following is the plan proposed by the Laymen's Missionary Movement, which they are ready to help the laymen of any Presbytery to put over:

FORM AN ORGANIZATION COMMITTEE

of Laymen representing several churches to have charge of the work and plans up to the actual organization of the Association, this committee to have a chairman, secretary and treasurer, funds received and not expended to be turned over to the treasurer of the Association when organized.

ALL MEN

in all the congregations of the Presbytery should be requested and urged to become members of such Association, seeking specially your young men, and such membership should not be restricted to actual members of the church, but all men be eligible who desire to co-operate with and aid such Association in its work.

SEEK THE SUPPORT

of every pastor (or clerk of the session in vacant churches), urging public presentation of the plan to their congregations and appointment of a committee to seek to get every eligible man in each church to sign a membehrsip card, with membership fee of $1 if desired, to cever current expenses, but fee to be purely voluntary and not necessary to membership, fees to be sent to treasurer of Organization Committee with list of the names and addresses of all who have signed card.

ALL WHO ENROLL.

from any one church should form the Laymen's Association of that church, and organize by electing officers and by appointment of committees seek to enlist every man in some form of local church work.

SET A TIME

for a mass meeting of laymen of the Presbytery at some central point for organization and urge all churches to get the largest possible number of men signed up before this meeting and all expected to attend.

PRELIMINARY

to the general mass meetiug it will help if you have several group meetings of men of adjacent churches in different parts of the Presbytery, addressed by members of the Organization Committee and others outlining plans and purposes of the Association, with a chance for expressions and questions of local men. This will help greatly, in stirring interest, getting signatures and bringing out larger numbers for the mass meeting.

ORGANIZATION MASS MEITING.

Have sessions to suit railroad schedules and time to come and return by auto, probably morning and afternoon sessions only, with a lunch which the ladies of the church will always gladly serve, when they see the men getting "on the job."

HAVE A PROGRAM

of talks by laymen showing plans and purposes of the organization, needs of the Presbytery, such as vacant and weak, struggling churches, unoccupied fields and unsatisfactory social conditions that the church should take the lead in correcting.

SHOW OPPORTUNITIES

for Christian service by laymen in leading services and starting and helping carry on Sunday schools, supporting and co-operating with a Presbyterial evangelist, and generally having a part in the work of the Presbytery.

Appoint a Nomination Committee to nominate a permanent chairman, vice chairman, secretary and treasurer.

These officers and the Organization Committee can be profitably appointed an

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

with authority to appoint such other committees as may be decided necessary, subsequent year's Executive Committee to consist of officers and chairmen of Standing Committees.

Have prepared before your organization meeting a

QUESTIONNAIRE

showing all kinds of Christian service and ask each man present to check this for the kind of service he is willing to render when called upon. The chairmen elected by each local church together form a General Committee of the Presbyterial Association and to be the men in each church to whom communications will be sent for this church from time to time.

SEND LIST OF NAMES

and addresses of officers and both Executive and General Committees to Laymen's Missionary Movement, Athens, Ga., to link up all Presbyterial Associations in the whole Church for co-operative effort and for spread of information and suggestions; also send copy of reports of activities and accomplishments for the inspiration of other Associations.

IN ADDITION

to the annual mass meetings of the Association, which should be strongly featured, the Executive and General Committees might profitably meet parallel to the meeting of Presbytery, and reports should be made by each church to the Executive Committee prior to these semi-annual meetings, that a consolidated report of the work of the Association may be compiled and read in the Presbytery for its information and sent back to the churches to show results accomplished.

THE ADVANTAGES

of this are apparent. The plans of work and accomplishments will be an inspiration to all, and by keeping in close touch with the plans and work of the committees of Presbytery a more complete and hearty co-ordination and co-operation may be maintained.

REQUEST THE PRESBYTERY

to create or assign a Committee on Laymen's Association, said committee to keep in touch with the Executive Committee of the Association, that there may be harmony and unity of purpose and action.

CHINESE BONDAGE TO DEMON FEAR.

DR. STEWART, of the West China Union University, describes in the Missionary Bulletin the vast place which demon propitiation plays in Chinese social and religious life. Evil spirits are endless in number according to popular belief.

"They may come singly, in pairs, dozens, droves or myriads, and are constantly preying upon humanity. At times they are employed by the gods to punish mankind. More frequently they are working their own nefarious wills. Thus there is constant war between the world of men in the land of light and this world of demons in the land of darkness. Unfortunately for man, the advantage of position and weapons is almost all with the demons. They, in the darkness, can readily see us and all our movements. We cannot recognize even their presence till it is often too late. They use with impunity disease, plagues, pains, boils, blindness, winds, fires, floods, thunder-bolts, drought and all the ills and trials to which humanity may be subjected.

"From the first to the fifteenth of the seventh moon is a great festival for devils. As the first to the fifteenth of the first moon is the great time of rejoicing in the land of the living, so the corresponding time, just half a year later, is a time of feasting in the land of darkness. Then all the demons of hell are apparently let loose for a season. The people in China make special preparations, and before every door

piles of paper and silver sycee are burned. The temples are also crowded and thousands of dollars' worth of paper is consumed, all, of course, to be turned into real silver in the world of darkness to appease the greedy, hungry demons."

AN APPRECIATION OF DR. BUTLER.

MISS MARGARET DOUGLAS.

ON July 27th I reached Pernambuco, Brazil, after a year's absence. For the delightful and profitable furlough at home, and the proofs of God's blessing on our school, my heart is full of thankfulness, but one cloud over it all is that now we have to work without our beloved Dr. Butler.

Words are weak to express what he has been to us, one and all, who had the privilege of working with him.

My voyage to the States in 1918 was made with him and Mrs. Butler. I shall always be thankful for those quiet weeks together. It was a quiet voyage, for few people were traveling in those days, when the Atlantic Ocean was alive with submarines. I shall never forget how Dr. Butler agonized in prayer for a safe voyage.

Mrs. A. Hoyt Miller.

And this brings me to the characteristical feature of his life. He was a man of prayer. Prayer was his life. Like Israel, he wrestled with God and prevailed. Few lives have been so powerful in results as his. He was eminently a soul-winner. Whatever work he did, whether ministerial, whether medical, it was always rich in conversions.

I shall always remember that first year of my missionary life, when I was the only missionary of our Church in this city. Dr. Butler would come to the city on occasional visits. Those visits were a perfect benediction to me. Nothing in connection with the school was too insignificant for his interest, help and advice. He was always for progress. Any plan for the advancement or extension of the work always had his support. At the beginning of the year 1915, when we were discussing the plan to rent another building and open a boarding school, he entered so heartily into the plan, and would not hear to its not being carried out.

But it was in his home in Canhotinho where he was seen in his greatest beauty. All day long in his clinic, treating one after another, performing difficult operations, giving to all loving sympathy and help, always bright, always kind and always capable.

Not only his office, but his home, with the co-operation of Mrs. Butler, was given up to the service of the people. How many times have I seen him, after giving medical treatment till physically worn out, then at the table those same ones would be served and entertained with the greatest consideration! Then when the day's work was over and he would go into his home, wishing for an opportunity to be quiet and read, for Dr. Butler was a very intelligent man and kept well posted on all questions of the day, even then he gave himself to those for whom he lived to serve. Rarely an evening was spent without visitors. Sometimes some of us who were less unselfish would want to turn the conversation to English, but Dr. Butler would not have it so. He would keep it in Portuguese. Those who needed him most received from him first. He used to say he saw in every single one of them the Lord Jesus Christ. This happened not one day, or a few days, but was his life. As was well said of him,

he was the most beloved and the most hated man in North Brazil, but only hated by the enemies of the gospel.

I shall never forget the impression it made on me the first time I visited Canhotinho and saw all around the foot of the pulpit, while Dr. Butler was preaching, numbers of cots with sick people on them. He had sent men to bring them in to hear the preaching while being there for treatment.

What he did remains as a benediction and inspiration to those who worked with him, and one of the greatest blessings of my life is that I had the privilege of being one of them.

Pernambuco, Brazil, Sept. 1st.

MISSIONARY SAILINGS.

The following missionaries sailed during the month of September:

For Africa—Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Wilds, Rev. and Mrs. A. Hoyt Miller, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Stegall, Rev. and Mrs. W. F. McElroy, Dr. and Mrs. Robert R. King, Miss Ruby Rogers.

For Brazil—Rev. and Mrs. Frank F. Baker, Miss Ora M. Glenn, Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Sydenstricker, Mrs. W. M. Thompson.

For China—Mr. H. W. McCutchan, Miss Mada I. McCutchan, Miss Lillian Wells, Miss Mabel Claire Currie.

For Korea—Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Reynolds, Miss Ethel E. Kestler, Rev. S. D. Winn, Miss Emily Winn, Rev. and Mrs. H. D. McCallie, Miss Susanne A. Colton.

Included in this number are the following new missionaries going to the field for the first time:

Mrs. S. H. Wilds and Miss Ruby Rogers, the latter going to assist Dr. Robert R. King in his medical work at Mutoto; Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Sydenstricker; Miss Ora M. Glenn, who goes as teacher in the Charlotte Kemper Seminary at Lavras; Mrs. Frank F. Baker; Miss Mabel C. Currie, who goes as teacher in the George C. Smith Girls' School at Soochow.

Rev. A. Hoyt Miller.

PERSONALIA.

A letter from Dr. Henderlite, written on board steamer September 16th, announced his expected landing in New York the following day. He expected to make a brief visit to Mrs. Henderlite's relatives in Buckingham County, Va., and then go to Bristol, Tenn., which will be his address until further notice.

Sr. A. Almeida, the pastor of the church at Recife, came home with Dr. Henderlite and will spend a year at Union Seminary in Richmond. We extend him a cordial welcome and trust he will have a happy and profitable winter at the Seminary.

Miss R. Caroline Kilgore has arrived at her home, Newberry, S. C. After a brief rest she expects to take a special normal course at Columbia University in further preparation for her work in the Girls' School at Recife.

Rev. and Mrs. P. F. Price, of the Mid-China Mission, have reached home on furlough and will have their permanent address at Sumter, S. C., until further notice.

Dr. and Mrs. L. S. Morgan, of the North Kiangsu Mission, have also reached this country, and are making a temporary sojourn in California before coming East.

We extend to all these returning missionaries a cordial welcome home.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT FOREIGN MISSION RECEIPTS

Receipts applicable to regular appropriation—

SEPTEMBER	1919	1918
Churches	$ 19,579 85	$ 19,966 82
Sunday Schools	860 59	346 22
Sunday Schools—Africa		71 00
Sunday Schools—China	8 08	558 86
Sunday Schools—Korea	1,076 87	
Societies	4,890 24	4,534 51
Societies—Africa		5 00
Societies—China		25 00
Societies—Korea	33 40	
Societies—C. E. Missionaries	115 00	177 20
Miscellaneous Donations	3,230 33	1,990 59
Miscellaneous Donations—C. E. M	15 00	
Miscellaneous Donations—Korea	15 95	
	$ 29,825 31	$ 27,675 11
Legacies	12 45	322 46
	$ 29,837 76	$ 27,997 57

For six months April 1st to September 30th, inclusive·

Churches	$ 206,733 83	$ 170,179 58
Churches—Africa		5 00
Churches—Korea	5 00	
Sunday Schools	6,059 98	3,670 91
Sunday Schools—Africa	51 64	376 35
Sunday Schools—China	715 36	11,042 84
Sunday Schools—Korea	16,715 21	
Societies	36,894 27	30,812 10
Societies—Africa		39 25
Societies—China	33 46	54 61
Societies—Korea	110 76	
Societies—C. E. M	1,490 45	878 26
Miscellaneous Donations	19,312 00	19,206 64
Miscellaneous Donations—Africa		5 00
Miscellaneous Donations—China	12 50	25 00
Miscellaneous Donations—C. E. M	40 00	11 95
Miscellaneous Donations—Korea	40 20	
	$ 288,214 66	$ 236,307 49
Legacies	2,308 68	2,150 56
	$ 290,523 34	$ 238,458 05
Initial appropriation year ending March 31, 1920		$ 825,839 17
Deficit March 31, 1919		216,657 19
		$ 1,042,496 36

Nashville, Tennessee, September 30, 1919.

EDWIN F. WILLIS, Treasurer.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

1. A station in Brazil will disappear from the list in THE SURVEY—where? What can we do for her?
2. "Musyo wa bungi"? What does it mean?
3. The "big meaning" of each chapter in Acts was given by a native Christian—where?
4. Attention! A strike that was determined and dogged, but without disorder—where and for what?
5. The thermometer registered 93 in the shade, but the missionary enthusiasm registered higher—what was the occasion?
6. Did you ever! Snow in August! Where did it happen?
7. Not baptized, but working for the Master—who?
8. When morning dawned and all the birds sang together, light dawned on a darkened soul—where?
9. "Jissen no kite wo go mai kudasai." What do you suppose this remark would bring you?
10. It seems that the principal of a school in Korea has some varied duties—what are they?
11. A small boy proved very useful at a feast—how was he used?
12. Eight things to pray for—what are they? and will you do it?

SENIOR FOREIGN MISSION PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1919.

Arranged by Miss Margaret McNeilly.

TOPIC—BRAZIL.

Doxology.
Prayer—Invocation.
Minutes.
Roll Call—Answer with an item of interest about Brazil.
Business.
Hymn—We Praise Thee, O God.
Devotional Service—Thanksgiving—Ps. 147.
Prayer of thanksgiving for mercies and blessings. Petition for greater blessings and more consecrated work on the part of the Church at large.
Solo—More Holiness Give Me.
Quiz—Hidden Treasure
Reading—Go.
Article—The Centre and Circumference.
Topical—Monthly Topic.
Prayer—The Call to Prayer.
Hymn—Selected.
Close with the Lord's Prayer in concert.

SUGGESTIONS.

It is well to have a map study and review of our work in Brazil.

From the annual report of the Committee of Foreign Missions, make a list of the encouragements and the needs of the field in Brazil, and make earnest prayer for these.

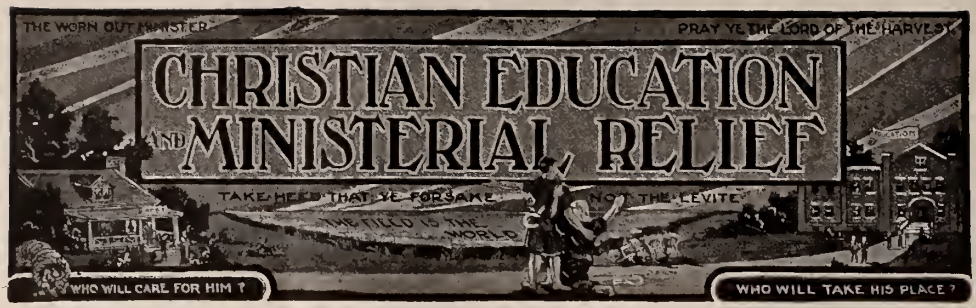
Items of interest may be obtained from back numbers of THE SURVEY and from the secular press. Give them in the form of telegrams.

Appoint some one previous to the meeting, for the last prayer, asking that they use the petitions in the Call to Prayer.

Let the member who reads the article. "The Centre and Circumference," be familiar enough with it to keep the reading from being tedious.

A CORRECTION.

The Missionary Survey of July on page 392 contained an article under the heading "An Incident," which was credited to Rev. Warren H. Stuart. He would be a very poor higher critic who could not tell at a glance that a mistake was made as to the authoriship of this article. We are unable to account for the way in which the mistake occurred, but I hereby insert this note of correction in order that Mr. Stuart may be relieved of all responsibility in regard to the matter.


THE WORN OUT MINISTER
PRAY YE THE LORD OF THE HARVEST
CHRISTIAN EDUCATION
AND MINISTERIAL RELIEF
TAKE HEED THAT YE FORSAKE NOT THE LEVITE
WHO WILL CARE FOR HIM ?
WHO WILL TAKE HIS PLACE ?

Address All Communications Relating to this Department to
Rev. Henry H. Sweets, D. D., Secretary,
122 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Make All Remittances to
Mr. John Stites, Treasurer,
Fifth and Market Streets, Louisville, Ky

MINISTERING TO THE SAINTS

A PLAYLET FOR YOUNG PEOPLES SOCIETIES ON MINISTERIAL RELIEF

By Miss Mary Callum Wiley, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRIZE PROGRAM.

This playlet was awarded first prize in the contest—in which one hundred and twenty-six programs were entered—as the best graphic presentation of any department of the work of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief.

The Executive Committee of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief—Presbyterian Church in the United States.

Henry H. Sweets, *Secretary,*
Room 410, Urban Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

PROLOGUE.

THE purpose of our little play is to show the need there is in our Presbyterian Church for justly providing for aged and infirm ministers and the widows and orphaned children of those who have given long years of service to Christ and the Church on salaries so small that they could lay up nothing for their families.

The department in our Church that looks after these old preachers and their families is called Ministerial Relief. Twice every year, in December and in April, we are called upon to study and to help this cause. The next time the call comes for help we hope you will remember the needs we have tried to present in our little play and give more liberally than you have ever given before.

When the curtain rises you will see *Ministerial Relief,* a benevolent old gentleman in his office, counting out his gold, placing it in the bags we will give out that day. The first visitor is *The Church,* a placid, sweet-tempered old lady. Then enter the *Widow* and her *Orphans,* the old *Preacher* and the Son of the Sick Minister. At the end, the Children of the Church appear.

MINISTERING TO THE SAINTS.

Ministerial Relief (busily filling a number of small bags on the table from a large one): Dear me! nine o'clock, and at half past my appointment begins! I must hurry or I'll not get my bags filled before Widow John gets here. She's the first, I believe (consulting a small memorandum book). Poor woman, I wish I could really help her; the pittance I have for her will barely keep the wolf from the door. (Looks in big bag; thoughtfully surveys row of small bags.) I don't believe I have enough to go 'round! What shall I do? There's not a single one on my list today I can disappoint. (Consults memorandums.) I've told these dear people that I would help them, and I can't go back on my word. (Walks up and down in distress—glances out of the window.) Oh, there comes my poor friend, The Church! I might have known she would be around this morning—the first of the month. (Hurries to door and opens it.) Come right in—I'm so glad to see you. (Shakes hands.) And you've brought me something, I see.

The Church: Yes, I've brought you something to tide over this time. I received your appeal and I'm sorry I couldn't respond more liberally to it, but times are hard, you know.

Ministerial Relief: Yes, indeed, I know. None better than I and the dear people I serve.

The Church: And the calls are many.

Ministerial Relief: The calls *are* many.

The Church: So you'll have to be content with what I could bring. (Hands small bag to Ministerial Relief.) I'm on my way to a rummage sale I'm giving this afternoon for the benefit of Foreign Missions. You see, I try to help all the causes along. So good-day!

Ministerial Relief: Good-day! (Looks eagerly into the bag.) Is the fault with me that the Church realizes so little the urgent need? To feed the hungry, to relieve the distressed, to care for the widow and orphan, is one of the first duties of the Church, and yet what a mere pittance has she given me to carry on this work! No matter how skillfully I mete out my apportionments, there'll not be enough to go round. (Considers the bags thoughtfully.) I'll have to do it. Oh, how it hurts! (Begins to take out something from each bag.) It's the only way, though, I can make it go 'round—take a little from each bag. If only the Church would awaken! What a blessing she would receive in giving. "The liberal soul shall be made fat and he that waters shall be watered also himself."

"For the heart grows rich in giving:
All the wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner
Scattered, fill with gold the plain."

(A knock is heard.) "Come in."

Enter Widow John and five small children.

Ministerial Relief: Come right in, Sister John. How are you? (Shakes her hand cordially.) And you, dear children. I'm glad to see you. Have seats.

Widow John: Thank you. (To children): Speak to the gentleman, children. (*Children bashfully greet Ministerial Relief.*) I'm sorry to have to call on you this morning, but I've been quite sick and I am in real need.

Ministerial Relief: Indeed, I'm sorry to hear that.

Widow John: Yes, since my husband's death I've managed by my sewing to buy food and clothing for my children. But when I was ill I could not sew: and when work stopped, pay stopped too, and I had to go into debt.

Ministerial Relief: Oh! why didn't you let me know? To think that your husband served God and the Church for eighteen years in self-sacrificing Home Mission work and you, his widow, should actually be in need! It's a privilege, madam, to assist you with what little I can (*hands her a small bag*). I do it

in the Master's name, and in His name I beg you accept it.

Widow John: May the God of the fatherless and of the widow bless you.

(*Exeunt Widow John and Her Family.*)

Enter half-blind, feeble, old minister, Dr. Andrews.

Ministerial Relief: Good-morning, sir. (*Shakes his hand and leads him tenderly to a comfortable seat.*) Come right in. Have this chair.

Dr. Andrews: Thank you! Thank you!

Ministerial Relief: I scarcely expected you out this morning. It's so raw.

Dr. Andrews: After traveling mountain ways sixty-odd years, rain or shine, one doesn't mind the weather.

Ministerial Relief: I guess not. But you've earned the right to take things easy in your old age, to rest a bit.

Dr. Andrews: Rest is not what I want, sir. Gladly would I be about my Master's work, but these old eyes are getting dim.

Ministerial Relief: Sixty long years you have worked for your Master, preaching the gospel, visiting the sick, comforting the dying, and God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love! (*Hands him a bag.*)

Dr. Andrews (*rising and going towards the door*): I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.

(As Dr. Andrews leaves, Paul, a bright-faced lad of twelve or fourteen, enters.)

Ministerial Relief: Why, Paul, my boy, why aren't you in school today?

Paul: I've gone to work, sir.

Ministerial Relief: Gone to work! Why, I thought you told me you wanted to be a minister of the gospel, like your father. A minister, you know, has to have an education.

Paul: I know, sir; but I've got to work now. Mother needs the money. Since father's been in the sanitarium, mother's been hard-up. She's game all right, but I know she's worrying.

Ministerial Relief: And so you are giving up an education, the hope of future usefulness, for a few paltry dollars.

Paul: Paltry dollars are not to be laughed at, sir; they'll buy bread and meat and pay house rent.

Ministerial Relief: And you need money for these things? And your father, as long as his health permitted, worked in hard mission fields? Why, boy, I've known him to refuse comfortable pastor ate after pastorate that he might minister to God's neglected ones. Take this; give it to your mother, (Hands him a bag.) Tell her it's no charity. When the Church ordains a man to preach the gospel, she says, "You minister to us in spiritual things and I'll look after you in material things."

(*Postman's ring is heard.*)

Paul: Shall I bring in your mail, sir?

Ministerial Relief: Yes, if you will.

(*Paul brings in mail and goes.*)

Ministerial Relief (*seating himself to read his mail*): Ah, if only the Church could get the vision—the long years of faithful preaching, the lonely watcher by sick-bed and dying, the weary drives, the cheerful going without things—books, music, vacation trips. If only the Church could see these letters.

(*A knock is heard.*) Come in; why, old fellow, you're the very one I wish to see. (*Brings Church newspaper in.*) I was just wishing I had some way to arouse the Church. Listen to these letters and then write an appeal that will strike to the hearts of our people.

Church Newspaper: I'm always glad to do what I can for your cause.

Ministerial Relief: Then listen. (Reads.) "The last handful had been taken from the barrel of meal. When I asked the aged and infirm minister why he had not applied for aid, he replied. "Because I thought there were many of God's servants in greater need and I knew the supply was small." Read this (thrusting a letter into his hands); read it aloud.

Church Newspaper: (Reads.) "I used to think I would have something to live on when the rainy day came, but the clouds are over the sky and the rain begins to pour and I have no shelter of my own."

Ministerial Relief: (Repeating.) "The clouds are over the sky, the rain begins to pour, and I have no shelter of my own."

(*The sound of children's voices is heard and a throng of happy children rush in.*)

Children: We've come to help you out, Ministerial Relief. We heard your call to take care of the preachers who are too old to work any longer and the little orphan children and the widows, and see what we've brought you! (*Exhibiting tiny bags.*) Our bags are not so big, but if they're put all together they'll make a big one!

Ministerial Relief: God bless you, my children! Hark, what is that?

(A voice is heard singing (tune Bera).

"Forsake me not when I am old,
The daylight wanes, my work is done;
My feet draw near the streets of gold,
I wait the setting of the sun."

Ministerial Relief: It is the aged minister at prayer! Listen (voice).

"Forsake me not when I am old,
When youthful vigor is no more;
When in the twilight grey and cold
I sit and wait the summons o'er."

(*As the voice dies down the children, led by Ministerial Relief, sing.*)

"Forsake thee not when thou art old?
Thy Father hears thy trustful prayer,
His arms of love shall thee enfold;
His hand thy table shall prepare.

"Forsake thee not when thou art old?
We hear the call; the churches wake,
The heart that won us to the fold
Our grateful love shall ne'er forsake.

Curtain.

(Words and music can be had on application to the Executive Committee, 410 Urban Bldg., Louisville, Ky.)

PROGRAMS ON CHRISTIAN EDUCATION AND MINISTERIAL RELIEF.

SOME time ago Miss Carrie Lee Campbell, of Richmond, Va., prepared a program on Christian Education and Ministerial Relief that was filled with suggestions and helpfulness. Within a few hours after the copy reached the office it was in print and samples were sent out to the various Presbyterials. If your society has not used this they have a real treat in store.

A little while after this Mrs. W. C. Winsborough, the efficient Superintendent of the Woman's Auxiliary, prepared for us a program to be used in presenting the work of Christian Endeavor and Ministerial Relief at the Presbyterials. It is called "The Trial." The presentation of this program at Montreat last summer called forth words of highest praise, and numerous orders are reaching the office for the program. We still have a number of copies for distribution.

Miss Mamie McElwee, of Statesville, N. C., prepared a program on Christian Education, the Student Loan Fund and Ministerial Relief to enter in the prize contest. This has also been printed, and wherever it has been used has resulted in arousing a deeper interest in these great causes. This program was awarded one of the first prizes in that contest.

The other program which secured first prize in the contest was a playlet for Young People's Societies on Ministerial Relief by Miss Mary Callum Wiley, of Winston-Salem, N. C. We are publishing this beautiful presentation of this work in THE MISSIONARY SURVEY of this money. We also have this in printed form for the use of societies.

In the very near future the other prize programs will be available. The splendid programs presented in the year book this year on this cause were prepared by Mrs. Robert S. Sanders. They are brim full

of suggestions, and we are confident are going to prove most helpful.

Any of these programs can be secured from the Auxiliary office, 257 Field Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., or from the Executive Committee, Room 410 Urban Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

IN MEMORY OF REV. T. M. HAWES, D. D.

By HENRY H. SWEETS, *Secretary.*

WITH deep appreciation of its serious loss, the Executive Committee of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief sorrowfully records the death of Rev. T. M. Hawes, D. D., who, since the consolidation of the work of Education for the Ministry and Ministerial Relief in 1904, has been a faithful, efficient and devoted member of this committee.

Although Dr. Hawes was Professor of Oratory in the Baptist Theological Seminary, and held the same chair in the Kentucky Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and was pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in the Synod of Kentucky, he found time to attend the meetings of the committee, and took a most active interest in all matters referred to it by the General Assembly.

The following resolutions were adopted at the meeting of the Executive Committee on September 22, 1919, at the office in Louisville, Ky.:

1. That in the death of Dr. Hawes the Executive Committee has lost one of its most faithful and helpful members.

2. That the tender appeals so often heard on the floor of the committee by Dr. Hawes that more even justice be given to our faithful ministers, and the needy widows and orphans of our deceased ministers, should stir the hearts of the committee and of the Church to greater efforts in their behalf.

3. That the committee feels its deep loss in this wise counselor, faithful friend, diligent worker and happy encourager.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife, who for more than forty years has labored so faithfully by his side, published in the Church papers, and spread on the minutes of the Executive Committee.

(Signed) W. H. Hopper, C. F. Huhlein, Brainard Lemon, W. J. Rubel, A. J. A. Alexander, Wade Sheltman, W. Y. Davis, Dunbar H. Ogden, G. H. Mourning, John Stites.

THEIR CHRISTMAS VISION.

"THEIR CHRISTMAS VISION" is the title of the Christmas exercise for this year. All who have seen it declare it to be the finest ever issued by our Executive Committee. This is saying something—for words of commendation of these exercises have come to us from all quarters of the United States.

In the yearly programs used in the Church, the Sunday school and societies at the Christmas season we are seeking not money alone, but the dedication of lives for the service of the Master.

In view of this great need for Christian leaders both at home and abroad, the Assembly this year has called upon our committee to put forth every effort within its power to recruit a larger number of our boys and girls for such service. Many Sunday schools in the past have reported that numbers of their boys and girls have been led to dedicate their lives to Christ through the use of this Christmas exercise.

A sufficient number of copies of the program and of the supplement to use in preparing for the same will be sent to any one of our Sunday schools or to our societies free of charge.

Some faithful preparation should be made for its successful presentation. The best results seem to have come where the morning service on the Sunday preceding Christmas has been a united service of the church and Sunday school.

Sample copies of "Their Christmas Vision" have been sent to Sunday-school superintendents and secretaries of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief of the societies. The supplies for your church should be ordered at once.

THAT GOLD STAR.

I HAVE always like to come to church a little early and just sit and think about things. But now every time I go, it faces me. The gold star on the service flag with the blue stars clustered around it. It draws my eyes. If they wander away, a little breeze stirs the folds of the flag and the glint of the gold brings them back, and always deep in my heart the words say themselves over and over, "He died for you."

I have always known John. When he left he had a class of boys in the Sunday school; held them, too. I didn't go; I am a business man with a wife and family; but I wanted to go. If the war had lasted a little longer, I would have gone too. But he went, and was killed. How the star shines! Didn't I read somewhere that our boys died to make the world a safe place for little children to say their prayers in? *My* children.

Somehow I feel today as if I couldn't stand it any longer to sit and look at that star—and not do anything about it. To accept the sacrifice of that young life, its pain and loneliness. For, perhaps, death didn't come at once. They may have been long in finding him—out there. Anyway, he died for me. And I must begin, not to pay, one can't pay a debt like that with money—but to remember my debt to him.

So I am going to put a Memorial Scholarship in the Student Loan Fund. It will be called by his name.

What was it Christ said, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it?" Yes, that's it. It can't be lost. I'll fix it so that John will always be handing on the torch he held so high to the boys and girls, who through the years will borrow from that fund and go out like him to give their lives in service.

Perhaps then I'll be able to go to church and face that star in peace.

MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS.

IN addition to the Memorial Scholarships already mentioned, the Woman's Society of the South Highland Presbyterian church, Birmingham, Ala., has started a fund in memory of Captain Bryan Tomlinson. The Woman's Auxiliary of the Kingstree, S. C., church has also established a scholarship. Many other churches, Sunday schools and societies are at work along this line.

We are sorry to have to state that in the September issue of THE MISSIONARY SURVEY, on page 516, we stated that the Sunday school of the First Presbyterian church, Greensboro, N. C., was raising a Memorial Scholarship in the Student Loan Fund. This was a slip of the pen. It should have been the Christian Endeavor Society of that church.

Scores of various memorials have been suggested to perpetuate the memory of the boys who gave their lives for the right over there. We are fully convinced that nothing so far suggested is more appropriate than Memorial Scholarships in the Student Loan Fund. These men

gave their lives for a great cause. We are now erecting a memorial to have a fund which shall continue throughout the coming years to prepare Christian leaders from among the poor boys and girls of our Church who shall take their places and battle for the right.

For further information and for suitable literature to distribute in your own church or its organizations, write to Henry H. Sweets, Secretary, 410 Urban Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

A FATHER'S VERDICT.

REV. WILLIAM F. MCDOWELL, D. D.

What a delightful old man he was! He was out of active business, living on a very moderate income, in a simple but comfortable way, just a plain, cheerful life. All the people in the village and country 'round about knew him. Some of them called him affectionately by his first name. It took a good while for him to walk up or down street; he had to speak to so many people, young and old, rich and poor; to make so many inquiries about the health of people; to send so many messages of cheer, and to scatter such a lot of sunshine as he went along.

He was speaking one day of a neighbor, a very rich man. This neighbor had just made a lot of money which he did not need, and then invested it so as to make more which he did not need. The neighbor had been telling him about his splendid investment which had doubled his money in an incredibly short time. Everything he touched turned to gold, and people called him "fortunate." So he was, within limits, though such fortune has to be understood and explained. My old friend did not envy his rich neighbor, nor scold about him; he was too wise for that. No sharp words ever escaped his lips. He also might have been rich. He knew it. He might have left to his sons many thousands. He knew that also. He had chosen otherwise. Not a scholar himself, though a man of rare intellectual quality, he sent every son he had through college. His sons were proud of him, and all their friends loved him, he was such a man. But when all the town was talking of splendid investments, and was thinking of oil and coal and lands, he was heard to say with great firmness, and a smile as of one who knew: "I calculate that I know something about investments myself, having tried several kinds. And I judge that an investment in Christian education just about beats them all. It pays big dividends, and pays them right along. Better put a thousand dollars into the making of a man, than a good many thousands into the making of more thousands." And those who stood by remembered how the old man's son had been converted in a Christian college, and how he had gone as a missionary. And they were silent. The talk of money did not seem to belong in that atmosphere. They were thinking of their own boys and girls. "I give my verdict for Christian education," he said, moving away. That night in several homes there were councils and prayers, while children slept, but the next morning for more than one boy and girl the door to the Christian college stood wide open.—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

M-O-N-E-Y SPELLS IN THE EDUCATIONAL WORLD

More intelligent Constituencies.
Opportunities for needy and worthy Young People.
New Buildings, greatly needed.
Endowment to furnish future Income.
Your Faculties strengthened and enlarged.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY
OF THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U.S.
OUR COMMISSION "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature".

MRS. W. C. WINSBOROUGH, SUPT. AND EDITOR, FIELD BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, MO.
"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's."

I Thank Thee.

For the daily task, a little too big and a little too hard for my present ability, and for the daily increase of power that comes to meet it.

For the opportunity to give that makes me richer.

For the privilege of service that proves me not worthless in the world.

For the unspeakable honor of working with Thee and meeting some need Thou hast of me—which I cannot understand, but can believe.

For happiness, of which Thou hast given me a generous share; but more for joy, which Thou wouldst not limit, as Thou wouldst not limit obedient and loving service.

For the certainty learned from experience that Thou dost hear and answer the cry of need, and therefore Thou wilt accept the thanksgiving of an eager, grateful heart—dear Lord and Father, I thank Thee.—Eugene Thwing.

A BOYS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MARY P. LORD.

BELOW is a picture of the Boys' Missionary Society of Anchorage, Ky. This little society was organized last September, when it was decided to divide the Young People's Missionary Society into two groups, one for boys and one for girls. The boys seemed pleased to have an organization of their own and each one wanted to be president. That doesn't often happen in missionary societies, I believe. After some discussion it was decided best that I should be their leader or president, and then we elected a secretary and a treasurer, and these boys have filled their offices well.

Boy's Missionary Society of Anchorage, Ky.

We meet once a month and study the Foreign and Home Mission topics for the month, using THE SURVEY to help us with our programs. The boys have learned the names of the foreign countries in which our Church has missionaries, and also the different departments of our Home Mission work. We also are making scrap-books with the pictures from THE SURVEY.

In the spring we decided that we would each take five cents and see how much we could make out of it for missions, and we hope to raise twenty dollars this year.

There is a great work to be done among the young boys of our churches in interesting them in missions and teaching them to give for their support, and we are hoping our little society will do its share.

WILL PRAYER MEET OUR NEEDS?

MRS. E. C. CRONK.

MORE Missionaries. One of the greatest needs of the missionary work is more missionaries. Does prayer furnish a method of securing them? It is the one authoritative Scriptural method for missionary supply. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest" (Matt. 9:38). The history of missionaries is a record of prayer.

We have heard more about a mother's prayers than about a father's, but there have been many fathers who have prevailed in prayer, and there have been mothers and fathers who have agreed as touching this thing they should ask. Dr. and Mrs. John Scudder consecrated each one of their fourteen children to God for missionary service. One by one their eight sons who lived to maturity were sent to America to be educated and one by one they were prayed back into India. All birthday anniversaries were set apart as seasons of fasting and prayer by these devoted parents. The eldest son was a reckless youth, who gave little promise of returning to India as a missionary, but while he was in school in America a great volume of prayer was ascending to God from India for him, and he finally consecrated his life to God. He discovered later that, at the very time he made this consecration in America, his father and mother had spent a week in fasting and prayer for him in India. With the exception of one who died at Princeton, after having decided to become a missionary, the eight sons came back to India to preach Christ, while the two daughters also rendered valiant missionary service in answer to the intercession of the parents who agreed together to pray that all of their children should be not only Christians, but missionaries. Before our workers in the homeland there should be always a list of the missionaries needed. The Committee on Intercession should keep this list constantly before the members and daily each of us should pray for the laborers needed.

More Money. At every conference on methods there are eager queries, "Can you give us any new methods of raising money? That is what we need most of all." The Bible has very little to say on the subject of raising money. It has much to say on the subject of giving money and using money. What we need is not clever devices for extracting gifts, but abiding principles for training givers. God's people

have in their pockets, in their vaults and in their business, all the money God needs for missionary enterprise. When we stoop to devices which we condone by saying, "Of course it is not the best way, but we needed the money so much we thought it would be all right," we belittle the power and the riches of God. We have bent our backs in freezing ice cream and stewing oysters instead of bending our knees in prayer. We can pray more money into the missionary treasury than we can either freeze or stew into it.

Every canvass for funds should be begun in prayer. All special needs may be met by prayer. A Mission Board Secretary had arranged to go to a woman of great wealth to ask for a contribution for missions. Time and again she had been asked for gifts to missions, but she had never made a large gift. Before this secretary made his visit a group of earnest men and women agreed as touching this thing they would intercede with God. They were rejoiced to hear that, in answer to their prayers, a gift of ten thousand dollars was made. Let us be done forever with the deprecatory introduction to a presentation of a great financial opportunity, "We have now come to the unpleasant part of our program." Let us banish forever our "begging committees." Let us decide once for all that we will never lower our standards to raise money. Then let us pray earnestly for the money that is needed and, as ambassadors with the profound consciousness of carrying a message from the King, let us present to God's stewards the needs and claims of His kingdom. A definite statement of financial needs and opportunities should be placed in the hands of each member as an aid to prayer.

We Hold the Measure.

There was once a great spring to which the people came for water. Some brought tiny cups, others brought buckets, others came with barrels. Each went away with his vessel full. Each decided the measure of his supply by the size of the vessel with which he came, while the never-failing supply of the great spring continued to flow on. We get an impression that God pours out great measure to some and small measure to others. God indeed pours out, but we hold the measure. He placed that measure in human hands when He said, "According to your faith be it unto you." That was the measure placed in the hands of George Muller. God poured out the blessing. George Muller held the measure until his faith measured over eight million dollars for the care of his orphans. That was the measure placed in the hands of Hudson Taylor. God poured out the blessing. Hudson Taylor held the measure until his faith measured out the China Inland Mission. That was the measure placed in the hands of Pastor Gossner. God poured out the blessing. Pastor Gossner held the measure until his faith measured one hundred and forty-four missionaries sent out, mission stations opened and mission hospitals erected. That was the measure placed in the hands of Theodore Fliedner. God poured out the blessing. Pastor Fliedner, with an empty pocket, went out and bought the best house in Kaiserwerth and his faith measured out to the world its Christian deaconesses. That was the measure placed in the hands of Dwight L. Moody. God poured out the blessing. Moody held the measure until it measured multiplied thousands led to Calvary's Cross; until it measured out Northfield, sending its workers to the ends of the earth.—*From Missionary Review of the World.*

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT OF THE CONGO MISSION.

(We venture to publish this personal letter because the contents will be of interest to all the women of the Church.—H. P. W.)

My Dear Mrs. Winsborough:

AS the old-time darky presented his lady-love with a souvenir as a "momentum of dis meetin'," so I enclose for you to glance over if ever you have an unfilled minute, a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Women's Department of the American Presbyterian Congo Mission, which has just recently been printed on the Leighton Wilson Printing Press here at Luebo. You will notice that we have adapted to our local needs the Constitution and By-Laws of the Presbyterial which you were kind enough to send us nearly two years ago.

Perhaps it will be a disappointment to you that it is in English so you can read it, instead of being written in Buluba for an organization of native women, not missionaries. An overhead organization for native women is one of the dreams ahead for which we are striving, but we thought that if we had a well-established plan of our own, it might be easier for the native

women to follow our example. The General Conference of Evangelists had to be abandoned this year, so we could hardly hope to begin something new when work already begun had to be set aside until reinforcements come, for our pitifully small force has had to be stretched until we have barely enough to hold open the doors we are longing to enter in response to repeated appeals, and will enter to go in and possess the land as soon as fresh forces can come to our relief.

The annual meeting of the Women's Department in November, while the annual mission meeting was in session, was unique in three respects. For the first time in its three years' life it took a trip away from home, and went to Mutoto for a new perspective of the whole field. Unfortunately for the officers, none of them could be present, so those who attended had a most delightful time. There were enough temporary offices to go around, and while the minutes breathe no hint of it, the most charming informality prevailed, from outside accounts. Best of all, as there was not much business to be transacted, and what was accomplished was done without friction, there was ample time for long seasons of devotion and prayer, which deepened the spiritual note in their midst, and in the mission meeting as well.

The poor officers were duly punished for their absence by being re-elected, though their absence was punishment enough in the beginning. Mrs. J. Hershey Longenecker is again president; Mrs. A. C. McKinnon, vice-president, and Miss Mary Kirkland, secretary. No one regrets more than the secretary that her report must be second-hand, but these gleanings from the minutes may be enough to whet your appetite for more news, which can be obtained from Mrs. P. Smith or Mrs. R. D. Bedinger, who are both (or will be at Montreat time) at home on furlough.

At Bibangu, our *baby* station in the very heart of the Buluba work, the women and girls are for the most part outstripping the men and boys in their progress in school, a most unusual thing for Congo. They are so much interested that neither the attendance nor the discipline presents any problem.

Lusambo reports encouraging work among the "teen-age" girls and smaller children, who have been persuaded to do considerable work toward cleaning and beautifying the native village by planting flowers and fruit trees.

Mutoto's work among the women has been confined almost entirely to wives of evangelists, though at the suggestion of the wife of the native pastor at Luebo, weekly meetings conducted by the elders' wives have been held with some success for several months.

Luebo has opened a kindergarten, improved the village school in attendance and methods, done regular and systematic village visitation, besides having continued the regular classes for women and girls in connection with other activities.

At Bulape, Miss Fair was sent just in time to assist materially in breaking down superstition and conservatism which is even stronger among the Bakete and the Bakuba than among the Baluba. Now many of the girls are willing to stay in the missionaries' "fence," wear the prescribed clothing, and even attend an elementary physiology class taught by Miss Fair.

If these results look pitifully poor, is it not the more reason for all the wonderful machinery of the women's work at home to be set in motion and directed in prayer to remove all the sin, the superstition, the conservatism, the ignorance that keeps Congo women from taking and holding their rightful place in God's kingdom?

With cordial greetings, and the assurance of our prayerful interest in the wonderful work you are directing,

Very lovingly,

MARY KIRKLAND.

AN INTERESTING CHURCH SOCIETY.

THE Auxiliary-Circle Plan as adapted to a country society is being worked out most successfully by the energetic and resourceful women of Troy Church, West Lexington Presbytery. They are demonstrating beyond doubt the fact that a live, interesting and up-to-date auxiliary may exist in a country church, if only the women are determined and interested

The August meeting of the Troy Woman's Auxiliary was held as usual in the church building, which is a cottage just across the road from the beautiful church itself. This cottage houses all of the activities of the church except the preaching services and the Sunday school. It is an attractive cottage, from which inside partitions have been removed, leaving two large rooms. A glance at the smaller of these rooms gives an indication of some of the activities of the society. A loom for weaving rag carpets occupies the most prominent place in this room, and on the day of the meeting was viewed with great interest by many visitors, who looked curiously at the warp and woof of the beautiful rag rugs which were in the process of making. These rugs

are woven by two or three members of the Auxiliary, and when finished are indeed works of art, blending beautiful and dainty colors to harmonize with the various furnishings of the rooms which they are intended to decorate. They sell for a good price, and the orders are always ahead of the supply.

Standing in the corner was the quilting frame, which held a partly finished quilt, and on display was a most wonderfully beautiful quilt, which had just been finished by one of the members. These quilts are not the old-fashioned "vine patch," which you usually associate with the Ladies' Aid Societies, but were the attractive "Rose of Sharon" pattern, while the quilting was done in a most intricate and attractive fashion, and the finished product would rival the finest Marseilles spread that might be produced. These quilts are brought to the ladies for quilting and the society receives from fifteen to twenty dollars for the stitching on one quilt.

At this meeting, gathered in the large rooms were about one hundred and fifteen women, who had come from all the country side with a few visitors from neighboring societies. The subject of the meeting was "Medical Missions," and while the larger part of the program time had been reserved for an address from Mrs. Winsborough, there was still an excellent presentation of the topic of the day. When the call was sounded for luncheon, the women were divided into groups, each one of which represented a country in which our Church had medical missions and each was supposed to discuss the subject during the luncheon hour. As Troy is in the heart of the "Blue Grass" section of Kentucky, it is not necessary to go into details concerning that luncheon, except to say that it had been prepared in the homes and brought to the church and represented all of the culinary triumphs for which that section of the country is famous. At its close, an attractive young woman passed around "after-dinner missionary pellets," which proved to be home-made mints, an appropriate accompaniment for a program on Medical Missions.

The afternoon was enlivened by a visit across the street to the beautiful and historic church building, so dear to the hearts of the congregation. They are now preparing to erect a fifteen thousand dollar Sunday-school building in the rear of the church.

Mrs. James W. Bruce, chairman of the Woman's Advisory Committee and Synodical President of Alabama.

Much of the success of this church and society is due to the faithful and energetic pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Cockerham. Mrs. Cockerham is President of West Lexington Presbyterial and is a prime mover in everything that is progressive and good.

Altogether, the day was a pleasant and convincing object lesson as to what a group of earnest and active women can in do in a country church.

H. P. W.

"LINE UP."

It ain't the guns, nor armament,
  Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation,
  That makes them win the day.

It ain't the individual,
  Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' team-work
  Of every bloomin' soul.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Conducted by Miss Carrie Lee Campbell. 306 W. Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

A New Opportunity for Secretaries of Literature.—If you have opportunity to distribute leaflets on Stewardship, these will be very cheerfully furnished you by Dr. Fred Galbraith, 407-8 Times Building, Chattanooga, Tenn. Tell him the size of your needs.

The Tithe a Principle, Not a Law.—Robert E. Speer. Showing Paul's plan of church to be periodic, personal, provident, proportionate, preventive. Write Dr. Galbraith for this.

Prayer and Missions—(5c.) Robert E. Speer. In which Dr. Speer sets forth that prayer "was the only source of missionary supply recognized by Christ." Not for the uninterested reader; but for those who are "bearing the brunt" and feel the weight, here is a real help.

The Prayer-Pull On the Power of God.—(2c.) N. H. C. Clear, short, readable and well printed; built on a practical illustration of a steam shovel and a grain elevator which will make its way into the practical mind and memory.

How to "Eat" the Word.—(2c.) Dr. James M. Gray, dean of Moody Bible Institute. Helpful suggestions about reading your Bible, in which Dr. Gray draws the analogy between eating food, which after digestion and assimilation gives health and strength to the body; and "Eating" the Word, which, taken into the very soul, gives usefulness and joy in the spiritual life.

Great Men On the Greatest Book.—(2c.) Opinions of the Bible expressed by forty-four great men, including Presidents of the United States, rulers, statesmen, scholars from all walks and times of more than a century.

Systematic Giving vs. Entertainments.—(Free.) Corinne Kaye. Two clippings from this strong leaflet will prove its vitalness: "Can you imagine Paul and Silas engineering a 'tag day'?" "The wealth of a church is its consecrated, praying membership."

Home Life in a New Mexican Village.—(2c.) Alice A. Blake. With three illustrations of home-life inside, outside and barnyard. This will be enlivening to your Home Mission Study Class.

Growing Up in America.—(15c.) Katherine R. Crowell. "The dearest little book," and it is full of pictures inside and out, and it is only 3x3 inches, and it has six chapters, and it is *red*. Besides this, it tells of new American children named Flying Cloud, and Josepha, and Mountaineer Dan, and others. A charming gift for children.

Home Field Extra.—Published by the Woman's Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church U. S. A. This will come to you every month for 20c for the year; and it will give life to any Home Mission Study Class. This little throbbing sheet brings news from the Indians, the Alaskans, Mountaineers and Negroes and other "neighbors."

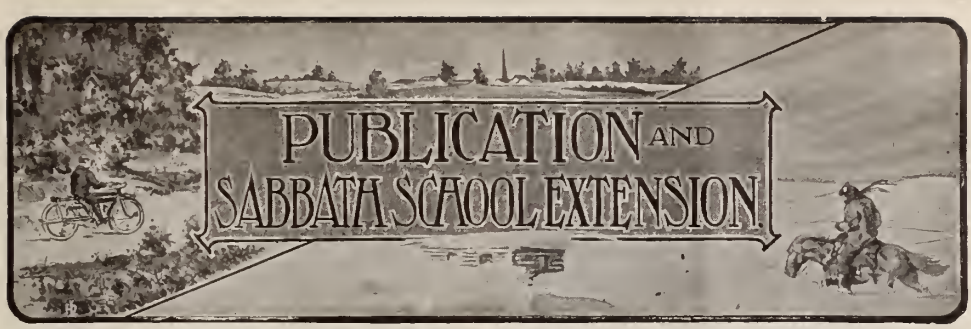
Work-Meeting Hints, for Young Women's Missionary Societies.—(2c.) Mary C. Porter. Really practical for busy minds to pass on to busy hands. Giving full directions as to what to make, and how to make. things suitable for a Home Missionary Box.

Library for Boys and Girls.—Ten especially selected books for $10. Write to the Missionary Education Movement, New York City, about this set of books. They are:

The Black Bearded Barbarian,
The Dragon and the Cross,
The Story of Sonny Sahib,
Ann of Ava,
Five Little Strangers,
Seven Little Sisters,
Each and All,
Myths of Red Children,
Winning the Oregon Country,
Goose Creek Folk.

Five Missionary Minutes.—(50c.) George H. Trull. Brief missionary material for use in the Sunday school for fifty-two Sundays in the year. This book makes missions a natural and integral part of the Sunday-school session; it introduces variety and vitality into the opening and closing pericds, and is suitable for use with either graded or uniform lessons. This has been used with great success.

Order all leaflets from the Woman's Auxiliary, Field Building, St. Louis, Mo.



Branch Department at
Texarkana, Ark.-Tex.

PUBLISHING HOUSE,
6-8 North Sixth Street, RICHMOND, VA.

HOW ONE CHURCH DOES IT.

By REV. JAMES H. VISER.

IT will perhaps be of interest to readers of THE SURVEY to know something of how one city congregation is striving to bring the gospel to neglected places in its vicinity.

Bream Memorial Presbyterian church, of Charleston, W. Va., a score of years ago was itself a mission of the First Presbyterian church. Today it is a live, progressive church of some eleven hundred members, and besides its own large and splendidly organized Sunday school, has organized and maintains four mission schools, and has joint control in a fifth with the First church.

At the beginning of the pastorate of the Rev. Samuel Glasgow three years ago it became evident that the church had secured a leader of extraordinary missionary vision. About this time, through the generosity of Dr. Lewis Prichard and his son, Mr. A. Mead Prichard, a foundation was

Glenwood Mission Sunday School.

Tyler Creek Sunday School.

created which enabled Bream church to employ a mission pastor. Two years ago the first mission pastor began work under the provisions of this foundation. Besides reaching a total of many thousands through the preaching of the gospel, a large number of children and adults have been gathered into Sunday schools which have been established in centers of need and promise.

Early in his pastorate Mr. Glasgow recognized the strategic position occupied by the Men's Brotherhood. It has been through this organization, ably assisted by the other agencies of the church, that the great forward movement of the kingdom herein recounted has taken place.

This Brotherhood meets every Monday night, and after hearing a Bible lesson taught by the pastor, a business session is held, during which plans are made for the carrying on of the work of putting into practice the lessons learned from the Book. A gospel team, composed of men from the Brotherhood, accompanied by delegations of members ranging in number from fifteen to thirty or more, goes to various outlying districts and conducts a fine, manly, soul-stirring gospel service. These services are usually held on Tuesday nights. Untold good has been accomplished by these presentations of gospel truth—living messages from men whose lives have been transformed by the power of God.

Lydia Robson Memorial Sunday School.

Many years ago a man, gripped by the awful drink habit, was fast stumbling on his way to a drunkard's grave. The story of One whose pierced hand has power to heal the hurts of sin reached the heart of this outcast. Now one listens with heart athrill while "Uncle Tim" Morgan, a loyal member of the Brotherhood, prays or gives his ringing testimony to the saving grace of Jesus. From such men as well as from the many other splendid business and professional men—members of this organization—the message comes with telling force.

Besides these special meetings, this Brotherhood furnishes regularly a number of "unordained" preachers who undertake to supply the missions with a gospel service every Sunday night.

A brief account of the missions now being developed follows:

Lydia Robson Memorial Mission.

This mission school began "business" some nine years ago in a little two-room frame school-house, and for a long time had a very precarious existence. The attendance was small and the interest was smaller. With the coming of large government plants came new life to the community. The school began to grow in numbers and enthusiasm. Through the gift of Mr. A. Mead Prichard a handsome and well-equipped building was erected. The enrollment of this school is now around 112 and is organized thoroughly along departmental lines. The superintendent, Mr. T. E. Perry, a successful business man, has piloted this mission through many discouragements. The school, small in its beginnings, is now the most influential factor in that rapidly growing suburb, and just recently has reached the standard of efficiency required by our Assembly's Department of Sunday schools. In addition to the Sunday school, regular preaching services are held on Sunday and Tuesday. Evangelistic meetings held from time to time have resulted in many being brought into the fold of the church.

Swan's Hill Mission.

In the summer of 1917 a survey of the neighborhood centering around Swan's Hill school-house was made by the staff of Bream church. This survey disclosed the fact that there were many children and older people who were without Sunday-school privileges. Immediate steps were taken to organize a school. From its inception this school has prospered. Mr. Howard Jarrett, chief clerk of the State Labor Bureau, is the efficient and enthu-

siastic superintendent. Under his leadership and with the assistance of a consecrated corps of teachers the school has enjoyed unusual success. In a little less than two years it has become an agency for good which has made a profound impression on the entire community. Between fifty and sixty pupils attend this school and a very glowing future is ahead.

CHANDLER'S BRANCH MISSION.

This is one of the "baby" schools of the growing family, having been organized in the summer of 1918. It is located in a thriving community in which it is the only gospel agency. The normal enrollment is now over a hundred—having more than tripled its membership since the date of its organization. Mr. Sam V. Wagner, its superintendent, is a successful contractor. Recently a valuable lot was given by the Hon. Adam Littlepage, M. C., and members of his family. Upon this lot a church will immediately be erected. It will be known as the Rebecca Littlepage Memorial—in memory of the mother of Congressman Littlepage.

TYLER CREEK MISSION.

About six miles from Charleston is the Tyler Creek community. The people are of fine stock and for the most part are farmers and dealers in cattle. For a long time this has been one of the most neglected places in the county—spiritually. A survey of this neighborhood showed a complete dearth of opportunity on the part of its people for hearing the gospel. Accordingly a school was organized in late April of the year 1918 with a total attendance of fifteen pupils. The care of this school was laid upon the heart of Mr. John W. Sparkes, the president and general manager of a large wholesale concern. With his customary enthusiasm he took hold of the work and through snow and sleet of winter and heat of summer has kept right on. The school now numbers sixty. A few weeks ago one of the residents of the neighborhood gave a very commodious lot upon which will soon rise the Tyler Creek Presbyterian church.

On Sunday and Wednesday nights preaching services are held. During a recent evangelistic meeting a number gave their hearts to God.

GLENWOOD MISSION.

Under a recent agreement between the First and Bream churches this mission has been placed under the joint control of these churches—it being located on the west side of the city and in the vicinity of the Bream church. This mission has been in progress for a number of years and a new

Swan's Hill Sunday School.

building was erected about two years ago by the First church.

The enrollment of the school is over two hundred. Its efficient superintendent is Mr. Charles C. Gressang, a prominent coal operator and an officer in the First church. A number of the teachers in the school are supplied by the Bream church.

In all of the missions under the complete control of the Bream church the officers and teaching force are recruited from the Brotherhood and the congregation of the main church. It is an event worth witnessing when on Sunday afternoons these teachers and officers gather in front of the church, where they are met with cars furnished by various members, and in all directions they go to spread the glad tidings of salvation.

What God has done and is doing through this organization can be duplicated in every place where men and women will hear His call and will say, "Here am I, send ME."

Charleston, W. Va.

Chandler's Branch Sunday School.

Missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, U. S.

AFRICA-CONGO MISSION
AFRICA. [52]

Bulape, 1915.
Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Washburn.
*Rev. and Mrs. C. T. Wharton.
Miss Elda M. Fair.

Luebo, 1891.
Rev. and *Mrs. Motte Martin.
*Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Coppedge.
*Miss Maria Fearing (c).
*Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Arnold, Jr.
Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Vinson.
Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Wilds.
Dr. and Mrs. T. Th. Stixrud.
Rev. and Mrs. A. C. McKinnon.
†Mr. and Mrs. T. Daumery.
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. McElroy.
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Stegall.
Miss Mary E. Kirkland.
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Longenecker.
*Rev. and Mrs. R. F. Cleveland.
Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Edmiston (c).
Rev. and Mrs. A. Hoyt Miller.

Mutoto, 1912.
Rev. A. A. Rochester (c).
*Rev. and Mrs. Plumer Smith.
Dr. and Mrs. Robt. R. King.
Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Crane.
*Mrs. S. N. Edhegard.
†*Rev. S. N. Edhegard.
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Allen.
Miss Ruby Rogers.

Lusambo, 1913.
*Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Bedinger.
*Mr. B. M. Schlotter.

Bibangu, 1918.
Rev. and Mrs. Geo. T. McKee.
Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Kellersberger.
*Mr. W. L. Hillhouse.

E. BRAZIL MISSION. [14]

Lavras, 1893.
Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Gammon.
Miss Charlotte Kemper.
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Knight.
*Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hunnicutt.
†Rev. A. S. Maxwell.
Miss Genevieve Marchant.
Miss Ora M. Glenn.
Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Sydenstricker.

Piumhy, 1896.
Mrs. Kate B. Cowan.

Bom Successo.
Miss Ruth See.
Mrs. D. G. Armstrong.

W. BRAZIL MISSION. [10]

Ytu, 1909.

Braganca, 1907.
Rev. and Mrs. Gaston Boyle.
*Rev. Marion S. Huske.

Campinas, 1869.
Mrs. J. R. Smith.
Rev. and Mrs. Jas. P. Smith.

Itapetininga, 1912.

Descalvado, 1908.
Rev. and Mrs. Alva Hardie.

Sao Sebastiao do Paraiso, 1917.
*Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Daffin.

N. BRAZIL MISSION. [18]

Garanhuns, 1895.
Rev. and Mrs. G. E. Henderlite.
Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Thompson.
Miss Eliza M. Reed.
Rev. and Mrs. Geo. W. Taylor, Jr.

Natal
Rev. H. S. Allyn, M. D.
Mrs. H. S. Allyn.
Rev. and Mrs. F. F. Baker.

Pernambuco, 1873.
Miss Margaret Douglas.
Miss Edmonia R. Martin.
Miss Leora James (Natal).
*Miss R. Caroline Kilgore.

Parahyba, 1917.
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Porter.

Canhotinho.
*Mrs. G. W. Butler.

MID CHINA MISSION [74]

Hangchow, 1867.
Mrs. J. L. Stuart, Sr.
Miss E. B. French.
Miss Emma Boardman.
Rev. and Mrs. Warren H. Stuart.
Miss Annie R. V. Wilson.
*Rev. and Mrs. R. J. McMullen.
*Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wilson.
Miss Rebecca E. Wilson.
Rev. G. W. Painter, Pulaski, Va.
Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Blain.
Miss Nettie McMullen.
Miss Sophie P. Graham.
Miss Frances Stribling.

Shanghai.
*Rev. and Mrs. S. I. Woodbridge.
Rev. and Mrs. C. N. Caldwell.
Miss Mildred Watkins.

Kashing, 1895.
Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Hudson.
Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Venable (Kuling).
Miss Elizabeth Talbot.
Rev. and Mrs. Lowry Davis.
*Miss Irene Hawkins.
Miss Elizabeth Corriher.
Miss Florence Nickles.
Miss Sade A. Nesbit.
Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Crawford.
Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Hopkins.
Rev. and Mrs. J. Y. McGinnis.
Miss R. Elinore Lynch.

Kiangyin, 1895.
Rev. and Mrs. L. I. Moffett.
Rev. and Mrs. Lacy L. Little.
Dr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Worth.
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Allison.
*Miss Rida Jourolman.
Mrs. Anna McG. Sykes.
Miss Carrie L. Moffett.
Miss Venie J. Lee, M. D.

Nanking.
Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Stuart (Peking).
Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Hutcheson.
Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Shields (Tsinanfu).
*Rev. and Mrs. P. F. Price.
Rev. and Mrs. D. W. Richardson.

Soochow, 1872.
Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Wilkinson.
*Miss Addie M. Sloan.
Miss Gertrude Sloan.
Mrs. M. L. McCormick.
Rev. and Mrs. P. C. DuBose.
*Mrs. R. A. Haden.
Miss Irene McCain.
Dr. and Mrs. M. P. Young.
Rev. and Mrs. Henry L. Reaves.
Miss Lois Young.
Rev. and Mrs. H. Maxcy Smith.
Miss Mabel C. Currie.

N. KIANGSU MISSION [77]

Chinklang, 1883
Rev. and Mrs. A. Sydenstricker.
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Paxton.
Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Crenshaw.
*Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Farrior.

Taichow, 1908.
Rev. and Mrs. T. L. Harnsberger.
Dr. and Mrs. Robt. B. Price.
*Rev. Chas. Ghiselin, Jr.

Hsuchoufu, 1897.
Mrs. Mark B. Grier, M. D.
Dr. and Mrs. A. A. McFayden.
Rev. and Mrs. Geo. P. Stevens (Tenghsien).
Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Brown.
Rev. and Mrs. O. V. Armstrong.
Rev. and Mrs. Lewis H. Lancaster.
Miss Isabel Grier.

Hwaianfu, 1904.
*Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Woods.
Miss Josephine Woods.
Rev. and Mrs. O. F. Yates.
Miss Lillian C. Wells.
*Miss Lily Woods.
Rev. and Mrs. Jas. N. Montgomery.

Yencheng, 1909.
Rev. and Mrs. H. W. White.
Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Hancock.
Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hewett.
*Rev. C. H. Smith.

Sutsien, 1893.
Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Bradley.
Rev. B. C. Patterson.
Mrs. B. C. Patterson, M. D.
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. McLauchlin.
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Junkin.
Mr. H. W. McCutchan.
Miss Mada I. McCutchan.
Miss M. M. Johnston.
Miss B. McRobert.
Miss Mary Bissett.

Tsing-kiang-pu, 1897.
Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Graham.
Dr. and Mrs. James B. Woods.
Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Talbot.
Miss Jessie D. Hall.
Miss Sallie M. Lacy.
Dr. and Mrs. L. Nelson Bell.
Rev. and Mrs. H. Kerr Taylor.

Tonghai, 1908.
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Vinson.
*L. S. Morgan, M. D.
*Mrs. L. S. Morgan, M. D.
Rev. and Mrs. Thos. B. Grafton.
Mrs. A. D. Rice.

CUBA MISSION [6]

Cardenas, 1899.
*Miss M. E. Craig.
Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Wharton.
Miss Margaret M. Davis.

Caibarien, 1891.
Miss Mary I. Alexander.
†Miss Janie Evans Patterson.
†Rev. H. B. Someillan.

Placetas, 1909.
None.

Camajuani, 1910.
Miss Edith McC. Houston.
†Rev. and Mrs. Ezequiel D. Torres.

Sagua, 1914.
*Rev. and Mrs. Juan Orts y Gonzales.

JAPAN MISSION [43]

Kobe, 1890.
Rev. and Mrs. S. P. Fulton.
Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Myers.
Rev. and Mrs. W. McS. Buchanan.

Kochi, 1885.
Rev. and Mrs. W. B. McIllwaine.
Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Munroe.
Miss Annie H. Dowd.

Nagoya, 1867.
Miss Lela G. Kirtland.
*Rev. and Mrs. R. E. McAlpine.
Rev. and Mrs. L. C. McC. Smythe.
Miss Sarah G. Hansell.

Gifu.
*Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Buchanan.
Miss Elizabeth O. Buchanan.

Susaki, 1898.
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Moore.
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Brady.

Takamatsu, 1898.
Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Erickson.
Miss M. J. Atkinson.
Rev. and Mrs. J. Woodrow Hassell.

Tokushima, 1889.
*Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Logan.
Miss Lillian W. Curd.
*Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Ostrom.
Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Hassell.
Miss Estelle Lumpkin.

Toyohaski, 1902.
Rev. and Mrs. C. K. Cummings.

Okazaki, 1912.
*Miss Florence Patton.
*Miss Annie V. Patton.
Rev. and Mrs. C. Darby Fulton.

CHOSEN MISSION. [71]

Chunju, 1896.
Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Tate.
Miss Mattie S. Tate.
Rev. and Mrs. L. O. McCutchen.
Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Clark.
Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Reynolds.
Miss Susanna A. Colton.
Rev. S. D. Winn.
Miss Emily Winn.
Miss E. E. Kestler.
*Miss Lillian Austin.
*Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Eversole.
Dr. and Mrs. M. O. Robertson.
Miss Sadie Buckland.

Kunsan, 1896.
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. F. Bull.
Miss Julia Dysart.
Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Patterson.
*Rev. John McEachern.
*Mr. Wm. A. Linton.
Miss Elise J. Shepping (Seoul).
Miss Lavalette Dupuy.
Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Harrison.
Miss Lillie O. Lathrop.
Rev. D. Jas. Cumming.

Kwangju, 1898.
*Rev. Eugene Bell.
*Rev. S. K. Dodson.
*Miss Mary Dodson.
Mrs. C. C. Owen.
Miss Ella Graham.
Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Wilson.
Miss Anna McQueen.
Rev. and Mrs. J. V. N. Talmage.
Rev. and Mrs. Robert Knox.
Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Swinehart.
Miss Esther B. Matthews.
Miss Elizabeth Walker.

Mokpo, 1898.
Rev. and Mrs. H. D. McCallie.
*Miss Julia Martin.
Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Nisbet.
Miss Ada McMurphy.
*Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Leadingham.
Rev. and Mrs. L. T. Newland.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Parker (Pyeng-Yang).
Mrs. P. S. Crane.

Soonchun, 1913.
*Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Preston.
Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Coit.
*Miss Meta L. Biggar.
Miss Anna L. Greer.
*Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Crane.
Dr. and Mrs. J. McL. Rogers.

MEXICO MISSION [11]

Zitacuaro, 1919.
Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Ross.

Morelia, 1919.
Rev. and Mrs. Jas. O. Shelby.

Toluca, 1919.
Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Ross.

San Angel.
Miss Alice J. McClelland.

Laredo, Texas.
Miss E. V. Lee.

Austin, Texas.
Miss Anne E. Dysart.

Coyoacan.
Prof. and Mrs. R. C. Morrow.

Missions, 10.
Occupied Stations, 53.
Missionaries, 368.
Associate Workers, 11.

*On furlough, or in United States
Dates opposite names of stations indicates year stations were opened.
†Associate workers.
For postoffice address, etc., see page below.

Stations, Post Office Addresses.

AFRICA—For Bulape, Luebo, Mutoto.—Luebo, Congo Belge, Africa, via Antwerp, care A. P. C. Mission, par Kimshasa. For Lusambo—"Lusambo, Sankuru District, Congo Belge, Africa, via Antwerp, care A. P. C. Mission," par Kinshasa. For Bibangu—"Bibangu, Kabinda, District du Lomami, Congo Belge, Africa, care A. P. C. Mission."

E. BRAZIL—For Lavras—"Lavras, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil." Bom Successo, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil. For Piumhy—"Piumhy, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil."

W. BRAZIL—For Campinas—"Campinas, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Descalvado—"Descalvado Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Braganca—"Braganca, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Sao Paulo—"Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Itu—"Itu, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Sao Sebastiao de Paraiso—"Sao Sebastiao de Paraiso, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil."

N. BRAZIL—For Canhotinho—"Canhotinho, E. de Pernamhuco, Brazil." For Garanhuns—"Garanhuns, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Natal—"Rio Grande de Norte, Brazil." For Pernambuco—"Recife, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Parahyba—"Rio Grande de Norte, Brazil."

CHINA—Mid-China Mission—For Tunghiang—'Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tunghiang, via Shanghai, China." For Hangchow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hangchow, China." For Shanghai—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Shanghai, China." For Kashing—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Kashing, via Shanghai, China." For Kiangyin—"Kiangyin, via Shanghai, China." For Nanking—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Nanking, China." For Soochow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Soochow, China." North Kiangsu Mission—For Chinkiang—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Chinkiang, China.' For Taichow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Taichow, via Chinkiang, China." For Hsuchoufu—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hsuchou-fu, Ru, China." For Hwaianfu—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hwaianfu—via Chinkiang, China." For Sutsien—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Sutsien, via Chinkiang, China." For Tsing-Kiang-Pu—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tsing-Kiang.Pu, via Chinkiang, China." For Tonghai—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tonghai, via Chinkiang, China." For Yencheng—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Yencheng, Kiangsu, China."

CUBA—For Cardenas—"Cardenas, Cuba." For Caibarien—"Caibarien, Cuba." For Camajuani—"Camajuani, Cuba." For Placetas—"Placetas, Cuba." For Sagua—"la Grande, Cuba."

JAPAN—For Kobe—"Kobe, Setsu Province, Japan." For Kochi—"Kochi, Tosa Province, Japan." For Nagoya—"Nagoya, Owari Province, Japan." For Susaki—"Susaki, Tosa Province, Japan." For Takamatsu—"Takamatsu, Sanuki Province, Japan." For Tokushima—"Tokushima, Awa Province, Japan." For Toyohashi—"Toyohashi, Mikawa Province, Japan." Okazaki—"Okazaki, Mikawa Province, Japan," For Gifu—"Gifu, Owari Province, Japan."

CHOSEN—For Chunju—"Chunju, Chosen, Asia." For Kunsan—"Kunsan, Chosen, Asia." For Kwangju—"Kwangju, Chosen, Asia." For Mokpo—"Mokpo, Chosen, Asia." For Seoul—"Seoul, Chosen, Asia." For Soonchun—"Soonchun, Chosen, Asia."

MEXICO MISSION—For Zitacuaro—"Zitacuaro, Michoacan, Mexico." For Morelia—"Morelia, Michoacan, Mexico." For Toluca—"Toluca, Mexico, Mexico." For Coyoacan—"Coyoacan, D. F. Mexico." For San Angel—"San Angel, D. F. Mexico."

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